

COUNTY MEET DATES ANNOUNCED

Poultry Men Consider Plans For Formation of Co-operative Association TO PLANT 200 MORE ACRES OF BERRIES



DAYBREAK

By Henry Wedgworth Langfellow

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"
It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near!"
It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"
It shouted through the belfry-tower
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HUMORETTES

Mistress: "Did you water the rubber plant, Dora?"
Maid: "Why, no, ma'am. I thought it was waterproof."
She: "How old do you think I am?"
He: "You don't look it."

Main Street Looks at Broadway

By ERNEST CAMP, Jr.

* NEW YORK. A Farewell to Broadway:
Good-by, you gaudy circus
Of splendor, lies, and lights—
A merry mask for heartbreak—
Of gin and jazz and nights . . .
Farewell, you Painted Lady,
You and your hurrying pack,
I'll think of you occasionally—
And wish that I were back!

IF ONLY—
George Bell (that wasn't his name) had been arrested on a criminal charge. After several months at liberty on bail, the grand jury heard his case. Bell went home to await their decision.

That was on a Friday.
He waited—an eternity of mental agony—through a sleepless Friday night. Through a long, long Saturday. And the maddening, slow hours of Saturday night. When Sunday dawned he told himself he could stand the ordeal no longer. He shot himself. That night, in a hospital, he died.

Meanwhile, down at the postoffice, a letter waited for him. It was just a brief note, signed by the prosecuting attorney. It informed—or was intended to inform—the accused that the jury had failed to indict him. . . .

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

In this town of incurable wisecrackers, Professor Einstein, during his recent visit, showed that he is no back number himself.
Harassed for a concise explanation of his Relativity Theory, he finally broke down as follows:
"If a man holds a good-looking girl in his lap for an hour it seems like a minute, but if he sits on a red hot stove for a minute it seems like an hour. That's relativity."

GOING TOO FAR

Notwithstanding, there was no excuse for an incident that happened a few nights ago.
A friend, dropping in at my pea-green apartment, spied a humorous college magazine on a table.
"The Yellow Jacket," I said chestily. "Swell little mag. My brother is one of the editors."
"Hip-hooray!" the smartest exclaimed. "At last—a writer in the family!"
HELPI!

A little group of Serious Drinkers were in argument. The conversation turned philosophical.
"All right," hiccupped one of the stews, addressing a newspaper man next to him, "all right, what have YOU done for the world?"
"Me?" came the instant rejoinder. "Why, I sold advertising for The World."

BASKET BALL TOURNAMENT JAN. 30 AND 31

Friday and Saturday, January 30 and 31 were set as the dates for the Boys Basketball Tournament by the Interscholastic League Committee Saturday and the girls tourney was set for a week later.

The debate schedule and other contests were arranged for, the complete minutes of the meeting as furnished by the secretary being as follows:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the University Interscholastic League Organization of Comanche County, attended by Mr. Culpepper of Comyn, G. D. Cobb of Duster, Mrs. C. S. Ross, Comyn, Miss Pearl Boyd, Cross Roads, Miss Ola Cunningham, Comanche, Mr. O. B. Rose, Gustine, Mr. Compton, DeLeon, Mr. J. B. Cooper, Proctor, and Mrs. J. B. Cooper, Proctor, it was decided to set the Boys Basketball Tournament for Jan. 30 and 31 at Comanche. The Girls Tournament was set for Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6th and 7th.

It was decided that points will be granted as follows in basketball: Champions in Class A, B and Rural School divisions, 15 points; Runners Up in each division 10 points, and third place in each division 5 points. Banners will be awarded to the County Champions in Boys and Girls Basketball. No runner up banners will be awarded this year.

The Debate will be held Round Robin style this year. All teams who expect to enter debate contest must meet at DeLeon High School on March 13. The first day of the Round Robin Contest. The second day of the contest is set for March 20 at the High School at Comanche. Only those teams who reported the first day of the contest will be allowed to compete on the second day of the contest at Comanche March 20. The Coaches for the different schools will meet in Comanche on Saturday, March 7 in the office of R. S. Walker, Co. Supt. If you wish to enter a team be sure to be present on the 7th at the office of Mr. Walker.

The date for the County General Meet is set for March 27th, and 28th, Friday and Saturday.

The tournament for Playground Ball will be held March 18th, Wednesday. The teams who wish to enter in all divisions must be present at that time at the places designated. The schools in the north part of the county will meet at DeLeon on March 18 at the Ball Park and the teams in the south part of the county will meet at Comanche, Ball Park on March 18th at 9 a. m. A list of the schools designated to play at Comanche and a list of the schools designated to play at DeLeon will be published in the paper and by circular letter as soon as headquarters can furnish a list of the member schools in this county.

In sub-junior declamation points will be awarded as follows: first 10, second 5, third place 2. In the Texas Wild Flowers Contest 15 points will be awarded for first place, 10 for second place, and 5 for third place. All of these points will be awarded in each division, Class A, B, and Rural schools.

The Singing Contest will have two divisions, high school and grammar school, and will not have junior and senior divisions. In other words juniors and seniors in high school may enter the contest in the high school teams, and likewise in the grammar school. The first place will be awarded 15 points in this contest, the second place 10 and the third place 5 points in Class A, B, and Rural divisions. County Supt. R. S. Walker asks teachers to keep these important dates in mind:

Jan. 30, and 31, Friday and Saturday, Boys Basketball Tournament, Comanche Ball Park, 9 a. m.

The Cornerstone

By Albert T. Reid



PECANS PLANTED TO BE PUT OUT ON HIGHWAYS

Pecans have already been planted to furnish trees along the Comanche County Highways.

On January 2nd, the Vocational boys, instructor and Judge R. A. Luker of Proctor, stratified 40 lbs. of pecans. They are to remain in beds until about Feb. 22, when they will be put out around the school campus and along the highway.

C. F. Denny has planted sufficient pecans to supply such other communities as are willing to put them out.

Already, Proctor and Hase schools have arranged to plant the pecan trees along the highways.

February 6th and 7th, Friday and Saturday, Girls Basketball Tournament at Comanche Ball Park, 7 a. m.

March 7th, Debate coaches from all schools meet at office of R. S. Walker, Co. Supt., and arrange schedule for Round Robin Debate.

March 13, First day of Round Robin Debate Contests, at DeLeon High School, 9 a. m. (Note all schools who expect to enter Debate Teams must have them present on this date.)

March 20, Second day of Round Robin Debate Contests, at Comanche High School.

March 18, Wednesday, Playground Baseball Tournament, North part of county schools at DeLeon, South part of county at Comanche. All teams will be present if they wish to compete. Exact schedule of where each school is to go will be published later.

March 27 and 28th, Friday and Saturday, General County Meet, Comanche, 9 a. m. Starting.

DUPREE BOND SET AT \$1,000 AFTER EXAMINING TRAIL

After hearing the testimony of four witnesses in the examining trial for J. B. Dupree, charged for shooting Bob Rushing, his bond was set at \$1,000 and he was bound over to the grand jury. The examining trial, held before a packed courtroom opened at 10:30 Monday morning and continued throughout the rest of the day.

The four witnesses to testify were: Mrs. Bob Rushing, J. G. Rushing and Roy Rushing, sons of the wounded man and Clifford Beard. The shooting occurred at the home of Mr. Dupree last Wednesday afternoon and Mr. Rushing, with a flesh wound in his leg, was rushed to Comanche for medical treatment and is reported improving rapidly. — Brownwood Bulletin.

Off-On-Gone

Lost on Thursday, advertised on Friday, returned on Saturday was the record of a child's glove which Mrs. Walter Barrett advertised for last week.

Roscoe Edwards had found the glove, apparently soon after it was lost, and he waited for the Chief to come out, feeling sure he would know where to deliver it when he got his copy of the paper.

Our idea is that if Roscoe found more of the lost items, more of them would be returned to the owner.

Loses Barn In Blaze Tuesday

Joe A. Lee suffered a loss of approximately \$3,000 partially covered by insurance. Tuesday night when the barn on his farm near Hase was destroyed by fire of undetermined origin.

Will Henry who lives on the Lee farm lost several hundred dollars worth of feed, harness, and meat.

MAJESTIC GIVES FREE TICKETS TO READERS

The Majestic Theatre is giving family passes to certain individuals in this trade territory who are readers of the Chief, and their names are found each week in the columns of the paper.

The Theatre management, working in connection with the Chief, desired to distribute a number of passes to the Theatre in this trade territory, and each week these names are published and all that is necessary to obtain admission for the entire family of those whose names appear, is for the person to present a copy of the Chief, bearing his name, on the night stated in the paper and this will admit him to the theatre.

Readers are urged to watch each week as these names are scattered through the paper, and no names appear except those of Comanche Chief subscribers.

Those offered passes must attend on the night given in the paper.

Tax Collections Show Increase

Tax collections are better this year than last according to the report of Mrs. B. W. Speed, Tax Collector. The December collections showed an increase of approximately \$2,000 over the same month a year ago.

Collections for December 1930 were State taxes \$8493.20; County taxes \$5,508.16; total \$14,001.36. Those for 1929 were State taxes \$7,254.72, County taxes \$4,754.72. Total \$12,009.44.

The November taxes also showed an increase this year, the total collections being \$5135.45 as compared to \$5031.87 last year.

COMMITTEE IS APPOINTED TO FURTHER PLANS

Some twenty poultrymen met with H. W. Harpan in the district court room, Tuesday afternoon to discuss the organization of a local for the Poultry Producers Association of Texas which is operating in accordance with the plan of the Federal Farm Board.

The Poultry Producers Association of Texas maintains its headquarters in San Antonio and is seeking to enlarge the territory it serves by the organization of some locals in this territory.

At the meeting Tuesday, the following committee was appointed: Walter Fritts, Route 4, Chairman; A. J. Lloyd, Route 2, D. P. Breedlove Democrat Star Route, Lumus Robertson, Route 6, A. A. Hilley, Sidney, Grady Howell, Proctor, George Goosby, Comanche, Frank Caraway, Enery, B. C. Chambers, DeLeon, W. S. Glover, DeLeon.

Two Hurt In Auto Collision

Mrs. O. B. Phillips received painful injuries about the face and head and Mr. Phillips suffered minor bruises Sunday afternoon at four o'clock when the car in which they were returning from Brownwood collided with a truck on the Pecan Belt Highway while crossing the Horse Creek Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were brought to Comanche where they were treated by Dr. J. O. Lane.

Both the car and truck were badly wrecked.

Start Work On Lindsey Building

After the derbis had been cleared away the first part of the week, work on the Lindsey building, which was damaged recently by fire, on the north side of the square, was begun Monday, Mart Sherrill being in charge of the construction.

Plans call for a modern store building with hardwood floor and a brick front and when completed will be occupied by the Texas Power and Light Company, according to J. H. Kemp, local manager.

Band Concert Sunday, Jan. 18

A special band and orchestra concert will be given at the high school auditorium, Sunday, January 18, at 3:00 p. m. according to Harmon Howard, local band director.

The program will include the use of the band, numbers by the high school orchestra, by the concert orchestra, by a popular orchestra and by a jazz orchestra, as well as some instrumental novelties.

No admission is charged and a general invitation to the public is extended.

Moves Grocery

I. M. Vineyard moved his grocery stock Wednesday from his former location, moving one door east.

He Made Us Take His Quarter

Frank Vineyard lost his fireman's can Christmas day at the Aerial Circus and came to us to advertise it for him. We insisted that it would do no good but Frank allowed that if he had the quarter, we should be willing to take it, which we did. The ad appeared Friday, and Saturday "Tuffy" Barry advised Mr. Vineyard that he had his can for him.

ROOTS ARE SOLD ON CREDIT BASIS TO FARMERS

Berry plants for those who arranged to put them out this year will arrive on January 21, if the weather continues good, according to Paul Bowdoin and Bart Taylor, who have been looking after the procuring of the berry plants.

Under the arrangements as made, those who have purchased berries can buy them, paying for them from their 1933 and 1934 crops, and the loans will be made at the Comanche National and The First State Banks, Messers Bowdoin and Taylor said.

Enough berry roots have been sold to local farmers to put out two hundred and fifteen additional acres of berries which when they come into bearing will give the Comanche plant more than 500 acres of berries to draw from.

The same price will be paid for black berries in 1931 as was paid in 1929 and 1930, Mr. Bowdoin said.

FIRE LOSSES ARE VERY HEAVY IN THE PAST YEAR

The fire loss in Comanche for 1930 was approximately \$20,000 according to Fire Chief R. C. Graham who said that the insurance paid totaled a little over \$20,000 with several claims outstanding.

The Fire Department answered 31 calls and in addition made one trip to Blanket.

Cigarettes were listed by the Fire Department as the cause of two fires, trash as the cause of two, gas explosion as the cause of two and the others were marked cause unknown.

January with five had the most fires while May was the only month in which the Fire Department did not have a call.

Vacant house fires numbered two with a total loss of \$3,000.

Fires by months were January 4 at 10:30 p. m., small fire in the D. & C. Hatchery; January 4, small fire in M. Willford residence; January 11, Will Morris residence, little damage; January 17, Mal Kemp residence, building and contents total loss; January 28, Walter Roberson residence, building and contents, total loss; February 7, A. B. H. worth's barn, small loss; February 19, W. G. Herring barn; February 20 Tom Douglass residence, total loss; March 6, D. Cloud residence and contents, total loss; March 8, Dublin Creamery, small damage; March 11, J. B. Chilton sheet iron ware house nearly total loss; March 15, Alexander Apartment house, total loss; April 7, fence fire; June 4 Lindsey building and contents of the Levis Cafe and the D. & C. Hatchery; June 9 E. G. Neely building, occupied by the Ward Tailor Shop and Massingill Barber Shop total loss; June 13, far fire at ice plant; June 18, fire at Blanket; July 7, Dr. Neil residence, total loss; July 8, J. V. Carter grass and trash fire; July 14 Ice Plant oil fire; July 17 C. E. Dehart, grass fire; July 17, telephone post fire; July 26 F. J. Reese grass fire; August 15 Higginsbotham residence, occupied by George Bagley, total loss; August 25, gas explosion in Durham Brothers building, small loss; September 23, J. A. Butler residence, total loss; September 30, Irving Williams residence, total loss; November 3, F. Fitzpatrick residence, total loss; November 7, H. J. R. Gille residence, total loss; November 31, Lindsey Building occupied by Texas Power and Light Company and Wetzel's Barber Shop.

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Seventh Installment

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

A beautiful young woman finds herself on the sidewalk in a strange city. She cannot remember her name or where she came from. She has nothing in her purse to tell herself who she is. A young man on her notices her and takes her to the hotel in a cab. There they find that she registered, in French, as "Miss Nobody from Nowhere." The clerk has been calling her "Miss Parsons." The young man tells her she is in New York. His name is Eric Hamilton, of Chicago. She is terrified at her loss of memory. He asks his friend, Dr. Carrick, a nerve specialist, to call at the hotel. Dr. Carrick talks encouragingly, but says he will send a nurse to stay with the mysterious "Miss Parsons" that night.

"Miss Nobody" listens while Hamilton tells her what the doctor has said, then steps into another room. When the nurse arrives, the girl has vanished from the hotel.

Eve's departure was simple. She went out of a back door into the servants' hall of the hotel, where she encountered a young French porter, who claimed to recognize her. He had seen her in Paris. "Then you know my name?" she demanded eagerly. But the porter had forgotten that. He would write at once to a friend in Paris and find the name of the American young lady they had both admired. He tells her of an apartment house where the janitor, he thinks, would take her in. Meantime, while Hamilton is anxiously hunting up the nerve specialist for advice, Eve gets into a taxi and drives away.

She arranges with Marcel's friend, the janitor of a dingy little apartment house on the East Side of New York, for a small furnished apartment. He tells her not to be frightened if she hears the young woman who occupies the next apartment come in very late in the morning. Eve wonders what sort of a place she has got into.

The girl in the next apartment is Ivy Davenport, a professional cabaret dancer with a weak heart. Eve helps her one night when she is ill. Ivy suggests that Eve, who is short of funds, should take her place in the cabaret. Eve thinks it over, dislikes the idea, but realizes that she has to do something to earn a living until she finds out who she really is. Ivy has twisted the name of "Noblesse" which is the only surname Eve knows for herself, into "Nobson."

THE STORY
I'd rather you'd do it, I've added a lot of it.

"What is it?"
Eve asked the question without suspicion. Her mind was centered on the girl's condition—surely a serious one for a dancer. Ivy's next words startled her.

"It's my job," she muttered. "I'm going to lose it; that's all."

"Oh! I'm sorry!"
The days were as alike as telegraph poles along a country road. She walked and read and kept her record with brief exactitude. All the time Memory was at her side like a motionless black figure, seemingly preparing to move, yet never moving.

A hundred times a day Eve caught at the trailing end of some suggestion which refused to be caught. She realized that these frantic, futile clutches were wearing her out, yet she dared not discontinue them. At any minute one of them might lead her back.

She spent most of her afternoons in the reading-rooms of the library, walking to and from this refuge, for the exercise. Several times she met Miss Davenport on the stairs of the old apartment-house, and was glad to observe that the young dancer had lost her look of acute physical suffering, though her face still had a bluish pallor.

The late afternoon of the fourth day was brightened by a visit from her neighbor. The girl breezed in without waiting for an answer to a rather assertive knock, revealing herself clad in a red Japanese kimono, with slippers and silk stockings to match. Her bobbed hair, which was naturally wavy, shone from a recent brushing. Eve observed with pleasure as she rose to greet her that there was no froziness in the appearance of the new-comer. She was as immaculate as a red carnation, and she had the grin of a friendly puppy and a taling air of camaraderie. Nothing about her suggested the stricken figure of a few nights before.

"Hello," she began, and added ingratiatingly, without giving her hostess a chance to reply, "got any cigarettes you can spare?"

"No, I don't smoke. I'm awfully sorry," Miss Davenport sighed. "I'm out," she said. "I'll have to send Smith to get some."

But she made no move to leave, and Eve smiled at her, pathetically glad to have this cheerful guest enter her tragic No Man's Land.

"What's your line?" the caller suddenly demanded.

"My line?"

"Yep. Your spiel," the other explained. "You gotta have cats, ain't you? How'd you pay for 'em?"

"Oh, you mean how do I earn my living?" Eve's sense of pleasure in the interview perished. "I'm resting now," she said in a tone that forbade further inquiries; but she softened it by asking interestedly, "What do you do?"

"Me? I dance at Jake's."

"Miss Davenport gave the information in a tone which implied that her mind was on something else."

"Where's Jake's?"

"Miss Davenport gave the information, and went on with the gusto attending an evidently enthralling subject."

CREAMER

There will be singing at this place every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

Mrs. Jesse Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tate and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Odell of Board Church spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creamer.

Miss Cordie Cotner spent the week and with Miss Lorena Housh.

G. T. Nelson visited his father at home last week end.

Oral Discher, Gravel and Hamilton House visited in this community last Sunday.

PROCTOR SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

FIRST GRADE: Kenneth Graham, Nylene McCarty.

THIRD GRADE: Juanita Ewing Grada Fay Davis.

FOURTH GRADE: Kathleen Sturkie, Freddie Sturkie, Maxine Nicholes, Maxwell Croft.

SIXTH GRADE: Joe Higginbotham, Mozell Pinson, Paul Bennett.

NINTH GRADE: Mozell Hornbure.

ELEVENTH GRADE: Olga Carleton.

1931 GREETINGS

We will still be headquarters for Field and Garden Seed. Genuine Mearns Cotton Seed. Groceries to supply your every need. A very small profit will satisfy us. Cash to everybody. With a friendly thank you.—E. H. Jones, Grocer.

NOTICE FRUIT GROWERS

I am now agent for the old and reliable Sherman Nursery and will take your orders for trees for spring delivery.—L. E. Grainger. (21-22p)

had done, but she rallied to this question.

"I'll tell the world it is," she brought out. "Don't you get no idea of white-slave stuff. There's nothing like it at Jake's. Straight business, on the level, good cats, good music, a pretty good crowd—ain't Jimmy Murphy on the spot to throw out rough ones. It ain't a club. Most any one can get in, but they can't stay in 'less they behave. The substitutes get three dollars for the night and a five-cent card for every dance they give visitors, besides their tips. You'll get that tonight, of course. All I'm worryin' about is to hold my place for the winter. See what I mean?"

Eve could not help wondering how,

do solo-work, but I think I can get along in the other dances."

"Slope so. Awright. Report t' s' Morris."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and a glance through the opening suggested that here was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, lending themselves to various occupations. One, in the only easy-chair, sat holding a hand-glass and touching up an already striking facial color scheme. A second was down on a knee, sewing the beginning of a run in the top of one of her silk stock-

ings. A third fluffed her bobbed hair before a full-length mirror, and the remaining three, were smoking and resting. Eve tapped the door panel and waited on the threshold. No one answered, so she pushed the door wide.

"Pardon. Where shall I find the head hostess—Miss Morris?" she asked.

The girl who was sewing the stocking run raised her eyes from the absorbing task.

"Right here," she said brusquely. Her manner implied that she could endure "runs" but not interruptions.

"But it'd help an awful lot if I could crawl into bed and make a pet of a hot-water bottle."

"I'm terribly sorry," Eve hurried to her side. "I haven't a thing."

Ivy bent and twisted under a spasm of pain.

"Let me help you to bed," Eve said quickly. "Can you get back if I give you an arm?"

"I guess so . . . but don't rush me!" The girl stood up with a gasp, leaning heavily on the supporting arm.

"I'll put you to bed first. Then I'll run out and get a hot-water bottle. I suppose there's a drug store near here. Perhaps I can get something else, too. What helps you most?"

"I got some medicine, but nothing helps me like the hot-water bottle does. I took mine to Queenie Morris's Sunday night, and forgot it the next mornin'. Whatcha know bout that? The one thing I ain't never without since these attacks began . . ."

"Don't try to talk."

Eve helped her back across the hall and into Ivy's bedroom.

"You're awful good," Ivy groaned, lending herself to the ministrations like a helpless child. "I'll feel better soon's I'm between the sheets."

Undressing her was a simple process, and Eve performed it easily. She feebly indicated red pajamas lying across the foot of the bed, and Eve hustled her into them.

"It's a shame to leave you do all this," Ivy muttered. "But if I bent I'd never straighten out again."

"I'm glad to help you."

Eve got her into bed. As she did so she wondered if she had been a nurse in her previous state of existence. It was pleasant to discover that she could do things efficiently. It bolstered her self-respect.

"Now I'll go for the hot-water bottle," she told the patient. "Keep still till I get back. Hadn't I better call a doctor, too?"

"No, I don't want no doctor round me." Despite her pain Ivy spoke sharply, almost roughly, and Eve felt a deepening of her strong fellow-feeling for this other girl, who so obviously shared her dread of the profession.

Before she left the apartment, she put the water on to boil. When she got back she filled the bottle and gave it to the sufferer, who settled it into place with a groan of relief.

"Most of the pain's here," Ivy said, vaguely indicating a region between her waist and her heart. "But none of the fool doctors could tell me what makes it. 'Twon't last much longer now, but I'm all in when it's over."

"I'll sit here till you feel better."

The amateur nurse drew an easy-chair close to the bed. "Don't talk. Just relax and try to go to sleep," she added as she settled into a comfortable position.

(Continued on Page 3)

ENTERTAIN WITH WATCH PARTY

J. Frank Wright, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Wright entertained their near neighbors and friends with a watch party in the Cross Roads Community Wednesday night.

Six tables were laid for "42" Dominoes, Touring and other games, which were enjoyed until a late hour. The crowd waited for the New Year, and enjoyed a radio program, exchanged cheerful New Years greetings.

Refreshments of sandwiches, spanish and chocolate cake, coffee, and hot chocolate were served to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jaynes, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. Tex Journagan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drennan, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne LaRoque, Mrs. H. E. LaRoque, Misses Lois Jaynes, O. V. Jaynes, Era Hood, Jessie Hood, Lucile LaRoque, Odell LaRoque, W. T. Coker, Loid Coker, Mervin Coker, Leonard Boyd, Milton and Belton May, Author May, Oscar and Alton Hillev, Milton Rush, Thurston Thomas and Sammie Moore.

ENTERTAINS TUESDAY CLUB

Mrs. R. K. Shelton entertained the members of the Tuesday Club and a few invited guests with bridge Tuesday afternoon.

Following the games, daintily wrapped packages were presented to Mrs. El C. Wiesendanger, who was high for the club, to Mrs. J. E. Palmer, who was low for the club, to Mrs. Jack Moore, who was high among the guests, and to Mrs. Inez Palmer, who was low for the guests.

Refreshments of crab meat salad, butter thins, coffee, olives, and fruit cake were served to the club members and the following guests: Mesdames Bob Stanton, Jack W. Moore, Inez Palmer, G. Preston Tate, and William C. Chilton.

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Comanche County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon W. C. Shelton by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in said Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District; to appear at the regular term of the Justice Court of Justice Precinct No. 1, Comanche County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Comanche, on the last Monday in January A. D. 1931, the same being the 26th day of January A. D. 1931, then and there to answer a demand filed in said Court on 23 day of October A. D. 1930, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 3302, wherein The First State Bank of Comanche, Texas, a corporation is Plaintiff, and W. C. Shelton is Defendant.

To answer a suit on a mortgage note dated June 3, 1930 for the principal sum of \$51.25, maturing August 5, 1930, interest at ten per cent from maturity and ten per cent attorney's fee secured by a mortgage on four head of cattle fully described in said mortgage, said note payable to plaintiff Bank at Comanche, Texas.

Plaintiff prays for judgement for its debt and foreclosure of mortgage lien and costs of suit. Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Comanche, Texas, this 17th day of December A. D. 1930.

D. C. Dingus, Justice Precinct No. 1, Justice Court Comanche County. 18-21

HARMONY

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brasuel of Rising Star, Mrs. S. J. Witten and son, Jack of Potet visited Mrs. M. E. and Miss Rena Owen last week.

Mrs. Charles Rogers and sons, Richard and Joe Tom of Fort Worth spent New Years Day with J. J. Rogers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Rutherford and C. W. Rutherford spent Saturday night and Sunday in Comanche.

Carl Thomas and family spent Sunday with his brother, Calvin Thomas and family at Holcomb.

Miss Rena Owen is spending this week at Hasse with R. M. Tubbs and family.

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

UNLESS you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above you can never be sure that you are taking the genuine Bayer Aspirin that thousands of physicians prescribe in their daily practice.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against the imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

Headaches, Colds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Toothache.

No harmful after-effects follow its use. It does not depress the heart.

Headaches, Colds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Toothache.

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ENTERTAIN WITH WATCH PARTY

J. Frank Wright, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Wright entertained their near neighbors and friends with a watch party in the Cross Roads Community Wednesday night.

Six tables were laid for "42" Dominoes, Touring and other games, which were enjoyed until a late hour. The crowd waited for the New Year, and enjoyed a radio program, exchanged cheerful New Years greetings.

Refreshments of sandwiches, spanish and chocolate cake, coffee, and hot chocolate were served to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jaynes, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. Tex Journagan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drennan, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne LaRoque, Mrs. H. E. LaRoque, Misses Lois Jaynes, O. V. Jaynes, Era Hood, Jessie Hood, Lucile LaRoque, Odell LaRoque, W. T. Coker, Loid Coker, Mervin Coker, Leonard Boyd, Milton and Belton May, Author May, Oscar and Alton Hillev, Milton Rush, Thurston Thomas and Sammie Moore.

ENTERTAINS TUESDAY CLUB

Mrs. R. K. Shelton entertained the members of the Tuesday Club and a few invited guests with bridge Tuesday afternoon.

Following the games, daintily wrapped packages were presented to Mrs. El C. Wiesendanger, who was high for the club, to Mrs. J. E. Palmer, who was low for the club, to Mrs. Jack Moore, who was high among the guests, and to Mrs. Inez Palmer, who was low for the guests.

Refreshments of crab meat salad, butter thins, coffee, olives, and fruit cake were served to the club members and the following guests: Mesdames Bob Stanton, Jack W. Moore, Inez Palmer, G. Preston Tate, and William C. Chilton.

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Comanche County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon W. C. Shelton by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in said Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District; to appear at the regular term of the Justice Court of Justice Precinct No. 1, Comanche County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Comanche, on the last Monday in January A. D. 1931, the same being the 26th day of January A. D. 1931, then and there to answer a demand filed in said Court on 23 day of October A. D. 1930, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 3302, wherein The First State Bank of Comanche, Texas, a corporation is Plaintiff, and W. C. Shelton is Defendant.

To answer a suit on a mortgage note dated June 3, 1930 for the principal sum of \$51.25, maturing August 5, 1930, interest at ten per cent from maturity and ten per cent attorney's fee secured by a mortgage on four head of cattle fully described in said mortgage, said note payable to plaintiff Bank at Comanche, Texas.

Plaintiff prays for judgement for its debt and foreclosure of mortgage lien and costs of suit. Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Comanche, Texas, this 17th day of December A. D. 1930.

D. C. Dingus, Justice Precinct No. 1, Justice Court Comanche County. 18-21

HARMONY

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brasuel of Rising Star, Mrs. S. J. Witten and son, Jack of Potet visited Mrs. M. E. and Miss Rena Owen last week.

Mrs. Charles Rogers and sons, Richard and Joe Tom of Fort Worth spent New Years Day with J. J. Rogers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Rutherford and C. W. Rutherford spent Saturday night and Sunday in Comanche.

Carl Thomas and family spent Sunday with his brother, Calvin Thomas and family at Holcomb.

Miss Rena Owen is spending this week at Hasse with R. M. Tubbs and family.

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

UNLESS you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above you can never be sure that you are taking the genuine Bayer Aspirin that thousands of physicians prescribe in their daily practice.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against the imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

Headaches, Colds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Toothache.

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Miss Nobody From Nowhere.

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

(Continued from Page 2)



"There's somethin' I'd rather you'd do. 'Twould help an awful lot if you'd do it," Ivy urgently added.

"What is it?"

Eve asked the question without suspicion. Her mind was centered on the girl's condition—surely a serious one for a dancer. Ivy's next words startled her.

"It's my job," she muttered. "I'm got to lose it; that's all."

"Oh! I'm sorry!"

"Yep. Jake said he didn't want to be around me, but he couldn't be left in the lurch again. So the next time I didn't come or send a substitute, it would be the air for mine."

"I see."

Eve saw with a clearness that made her wince. Evidently Miss Davenport expected a great deal from her fellow-beings. She would not have been surprised if this stranger in her room, having put her to bed and eased her pain, now announced her intention of substituting for her at the cabaret and at once departed to do so. She herself had already shown that she was a friend in need. Probably her associates also were the kind who did that sort of thing. . . . But Jake! To dance at Jake's! Eve felt that she had definite limitations and that one of them had been reached.

"You oughtn't to talk," she restlessly pointed out.

"If you'd go up there and report to Jake, you could bluff your way through the dances," Ivy hurried on. "You'd do fine. The other girls'd help you, if you tell 'em what it meant. The fellows would, too. They're all my friends. They'd see you weren't put up against it, 'cause they'd know you was tryin' to help 'em."

"But, good heavens, I can't—"

Eve became conscious of her tone and checked her words, appalled. This girl had come to her days ago, offering her a job because she believed her to be down and out. Now it was clearly up to her to reciprocate. The demand was a wild one, of course, but surely she was the last human being who should fail any one in trouble. She thought of Hamilton—the swift willingness with which he had come to her help in her crisis. She could never repay him, but here was a chance to pass on the mercy and kindness he had shown her. This girl's job was at stake, her very bread and butter. As for herself, she could stand Jake's for one night, whatever possibilities Jake's might hold.

She leaned over the bed, in which Ivy now lay in the exhaustion of extreme pain.

"Tell me what you want me to do," she said kindly, "and I'll try to do it. What bluff must I make?"

She was rewarded by the look in the other girl's face as she struggled up on an elbow.

"There's nothin' to it," she said eagerly. "Even if you can't dance all the dances—an' I'm bettin' you can—I'll help if you just go there an' tell Jake how it is, an' offer to take my place. Talk to him first, and then go to the dressin'-room. Ask for Queenie Morris. She's Jake's head hostess. She's my pal, too, an' the best of the lot. She'll do the rest."

"I understand. But . . . you're quite sure Jake's place is all right?"

The girl in the bed was spent by the effort of talking as much as she had done, but she rallied to this question.

"I'll tell the world it is," she brought out. "Don't you get no idee of white-slave stuff. There's nothin' like it at Jake's. Straight business, on the level, good eats, good music, a pretty good crowd—an' Jimmy Murphy on the spot to throw out rough ones. It ain't a club. 'Most any one can get in, but they can't stay in 'less they behave. The substitutes git three dollars for the night an' a five-cent card for every dance they give visitors, besides their tips. You'll git that tonight, of course. All I'm worryin' about is to hold my place for the winter. See what I mean?"

Eve could not help wondering how,

do solo-work, but I think I can get along in the other dances."

"S'pose so. Awright. Report t' s' Morris."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and a glance through the opening suggested that here was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, lending themselves to various occupations. One, in the only easy-chair, sat holding a hand-glass and touching up an already striking facial color scheme. A second was down on a knee, sewing the beginning of a run in the top of one of her silk stockings.



"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She's sick."

on a few dollars a night, Miss Davenport's income ran to apartments, silk lingerie, over-stuffed furniture, and painted beds. As if the sick girl had read the thought, she hurried on:

"You'll knock down six or eight dollars a night without tryin'. I make ten or twelve. Any guy that's a real guy'll slip you a dollar or two for dancin' with him a lot, 'specially if he lands on your feet most of the time. An' there's always some guy will pay for your supper, too. Say—she asked the question with sudden anxiety—"you got anything to wear?"

Eve looked at her blankly.

"No. I didn't bring an evening dress."

"Then take one o' mine, any you like. You can't see about the same size. But hurry. That closet . . . see?"

Eve hurried, and selected the least flamboyant of Miss Davenport's several dancing-gowns—a fairly simple creation in white and silver.

"The slippers to match is on the top shelf."

Eve found the slippers without difficulty. Evidently Miss Davenport had a sense of order. They were a trifle large, but like the gown, they passed muster. Ivy, blue-white around the mouth, approved the result, and Eve also received from the long mirror in the living-room the assurance that it was not bad.

"I only got one evenin' wrap," Ivy confessed, "but it goes with 'most anything." "Do I have to dance with every one that asks me?" Eve inquired, when she was ready to leave.

Ivy looked at her with a flicker in her pain-filled eyes.

"Say, haven't you never even been in a cabaret?" As Eve did not reply, she answered the question: "Course you got to dance with 'em if you wanta make a hit. The big features is the program dances, but the men is there for a good time, an' you gotta help. If they ain't perfect gentlemen you tip the wink to Jimmy an' he gives 'em the air. But it's like I told you, she added more faintly. "You do what I said. If you can't dance or don't wanta, they'll all help you out. They're my friends," she weakly ended.

Within the next hour, when she had reached Jake's, Eve discovered that Miss Davenport had not over-rated her own popularity.

Jake was in the fastness of his private office, a small partitioned retreat off the main room. Eve's modest request to see the manager, combined with the mention of Miss Davenport's name, procured an immediate audience with him.

He was dressed in immaculate evening clothes and his brilliant hair clung to his head like thick black paste. He turned upon her the unwinking gaze of two remote black eyes and waited for what she had to say.

"I've come to substitute for Miss Davenport," Eve explained.

"S'matter 'ith her?"

"She's sick."

"Again?"

The personal charm of Jake, as set forth by Miss Davenport, was escaping Eve this far.

"Sure name?" he ended.

"Person." Eve had decided to accept Miss Davenport's version.

"Sure address?"

"The same as hers."

"Know how to dance?"

"Miss Davenport says I do. I can't

do solo-work, but I think I can get along in the other dances."

"S'pose so. Awright. Report t' s' Morris."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and a glance through the opening suggested that here was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, lending themselves to various occupations. One, in the only easy-chair, sat holding a hand-glass and touching up an already striking facial color scheme. A second was down on a knee, sewing the beginning of a run in the top of one of her silk stockings.



"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She's sick."

ings. A third fluffed her bobbed hair before a full-length mirror, and the remaining three, were smoking and resting. Eve tapped the door panel and waited on the threshold. No one answered, so she pushed the door wide.

"Pardon. Where shall I find the head hostess—Miss Morris?" she asked.

The girl who was sewing the stocking run raised her eyes from the absorbing task.

"Right here," she said brusquely. Her manner implied that she could endure "runs" but not interruptions.

"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She's sick."

"Again?" Miss Morris's exclamation held more sympathy than Jake's, and she added briskly, "Gawd! the poor kid!"

"I'm substituting for her," Eve continued, with a smile. "At least, I'm trying to."

The information interested all the girls. Miss Morris nodded.

"Fine," she said heartily. "Stick around till I finish this damned thing and I'll put you wise to what you gotta do."

Eve entered the crowded room. One of the smokers spoke languidly.

"Wasn't catin' Ivy?" she wanted to know. "Same o' ting?"

She was a tall girl with green eyes, a superb figure, regular features, and red hair as closely cut as Jake's. She had a look of distinction, a voice as harsh and shrill as a Russian's, and her accent was the one heard in New York's lowest East Side slums.

"Yes. She says she's had such attacks before."

"I'll tell the world she has. They're the things she ain't got nothin' else but, I'm wonderin' how long Jake'll stand for it," the tall girl drawled.

"Don't strain your mind tryin' to think, Maizie. But if you really wanta know, I'll say Jake'll stand for it as long as Ivy can dance better than the rest of us. You ain't feelin' up to Ivy's acrobatic vaults yourself, are you?"

Eve decided that she liked Miss Morris. Queenie, having thus suppressed Maizie, and also conquered the room, now felt up to other duties. She rose, shook out her skirt, cast a critical glance at the reflection of her legs in the long mirror, and turned to the new-comer, prepared to give her undivided attention.

"Set down," she invited. "Here, Stella, don't be a pig!"

She seized the legs of the plain-faced young person who was lying at full length on the room's one couch, and swung them to the floor. Stella retrieved the cigarette dislodged from her lips by the briskness of this maneuver, and gloomily huddled in the couch's top corner. Miss Morris pressed the visitor into part of the vacated space and fitted herself into what was left.

"What's your label?" she asked.

"Berson."

"New in the business?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," Miss Morris had the air of one adjusting her shoulders to a burden. "Well, things don't light up here till the theater crowd blows in," she resumed, "and that ain't for ten or fifteen minutes yet."



READ "MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE" A Serial Story

By Elizabeth Jordan

After they come we all gotta be out there, setting around in our corner. The bunch there now is reg'lars that come early to get good tables. They know each other. It's when the singles begin to wash in, or two or three men comes together, that we get busy."

"How do we get busy?"

"My Gawd!" Miss Morris exchanged a deeply eloquent glance with Maizie, who was smiling a sharp-toothed ophidian smile. The instructor continued her explanation in depressed tones. "We're dancers, and we're Jake's hostesses, too. See?"

"Our job," Stella added, "is to keep the men from dyin' of homesickness after they git here."

Queenie ignored Stella.

"When a man's settin' alone at a table, or two or three men are together, lookin' like it's Decoration Day an' they're sayin' it with flowers, I drift up an' give 'em the glad eye. Nothin' fresh, you understand. Just a kind look to let them know there's a live wire near. If they speak, I draw on my hot-air tank and find out who they are; and later I introduce them to some of the girls, if they see any they wanta meet. If they don't reepond I breeze past like I hadn't seen 'em, and try some others. None of the other girls goes near till I find out who the men are and introduce them. If you seen your own brother at a table you couldn't go to him till I said you could. That's all there is to it, but it's gotta be done with class."

To the novice there seemed a great deal to it.

"If they respond, I suppose we dance with them," she asked, anxious to get a more definite line on her individual duties than Ivy had given her.

"Ain't she the clever kid?" Maizie murmured. "Got it the very foist time."

"Dance with 'em if they want you," the instructor coldly explained. "If they want you to set down and give 'em the story of your life, let 'em have it. Only make it snappy. No sob stuff. Maizie tells 'em she's a Russian princess, an' it goes over great. If they wanta talk while you listen, leave 'em do it."

"They'll tell you how lonesome they are," Stella contributed. "Lonesome," she sneered. "They don't open my faucets with that dope. The men that comes here is as lonesome as angleworms in a box of bait!"

Stella, Eve learned, was a pessimist and a black one. She was also a man-hater and freely confessed that she had no use for women. Her speech, and Queenie's, were usually better than those of the other girls; but on occasion they could, and often did, draw on the argot of the gutter. All this Eve grasped later. At present the lesson of the moment went on.

"There's two things you don't stand for," Queenie was saying in a crisp tone. "You don't take insults and you don't drink from pocket-flasks. Jake's rule. See? Men that come here has got to treat us like ladies."

To Eve the whole experience was part of the dream she was in, but the nightmare in the dream was lessening. She was intensely interested,

and she realized that she was also a trifle more sophisticated than the girls around thought her. She had never danced in cabarets; she was sure of that. She knew nothing of their intimate inner workings, or of the duties of employees. But she must have known such places as at least an occasional visitor, for the superficial aspects of this one held no surprises for her.

"What you're really here for, Berson, is to admire the men," Stella drawled. "Make 'em see what great big wonderful guys you think they are, and you'll be a wow."

"Now, Berson, if you think you've had enough gasoline to roll out on the floor with, we'll start; and I'll put



"What you're really here for, Berson, is to admire the men," Stella drawled. "Make 'em see what great big wonderful guys you think they are, and you'll be a wow."

you wise to the reg'lars an' the loose-ankle boys."

"Which are the loose-ankle boys?"

"The reg'lars are the guys that come every night an' scatter their coin. The loose-ankle boys are the instructors—the lads Jake hires to dance with the dames that blow in for a good time. That's all they gotta do; but Gawd knows it's enough. Any woman that's got a real face can make some man bring her to a cabaret an' dance with her. The ones that come alone an' has to rely on the boys are the ones Gawd forgot."

"Don't pay any attention to the loose-ankle lads. They'll come buzzing round, for they need a change bad, an' they'll want to give you the once-over because you're green. But Jake ain't payin' us nickels to dance with them."

All the girls were intrigued by the new-comer's presence and they showed it in various ways—some by talking, the rest by close attention to what was said.

Eve followed her with a sinking heart. What had she let herself in for? But the two young men they approached were wholesome-looking American lads who had just given an order to a waiter, and who for the present were most interested in having it filled than in the scene around them. Queenie cast a radiant smile at them, and one of the young men returned it with a cheerful but impersonal grin. She slowed her steps a little distance from the table, checking Eve's swifter movement by a warning pressure of the arm.

"Look at them settin' there waitin' for bread and milk, with good music goin' to waste," she tentatively observed, in a tone designed to reach the ears of the new-comers. The latter looked up, this time with attention. The girls were under inspection now, to be taken or rejected. To Eve the moment was horrible.

"Give us time, girlie, give us time," urged the young man with the grin. "We're hungry, and we've got a pair of rabbits comin'. But if we're able to move after the stuff you folks serve here, I'll take you out to the center."

"We only ordered two, and I could eat them both," he plaintively observed.

"We'll order two more."

of the floor later on and make a May pole of you."

His friend had been watching Eve. "That goes for me, too," he quietly told her.

"It's a date," Queenie agreed, and tactfully started to move on. But the quiet young man spoke again:

"Won't the ladies join us and have some of the rabbit?"

The young man of the grin frowned. As he spoke, the quiet young man drew out for Eve the chair next to him. Miss Morris secured the remaining empty chair for herself and sat down with a sigh of achievement.

"You ain't got the nice manners of your boy friend, Willie," she told the grinning youth. "But if you stick around with him 'raps you'll improve. Got a cigarette?"

The grinning youth had, and offered his case. Miss Morris helped herself and passed it to Eve, who hesitated an instant and then took a cigarette and lighted it at the match the quiet young man held for her.

"My name is Hunt," he told her as he did so.

"Here's Miss Berson. She's new

to this work. I'm Queenie Morris. Miss Morris made the announcement with an air that impelled the grinning youth to get up and bow deeply, and Queenie accepted the burlesque homage with a care-free grin equal to his own. She had lit a cigarette without his assistance, and, having established it firmly between her crumpled lips, was doing the honors with easy affability.

"Don't mention your name," she advised the grinning youth. "My heart's goin' to tell me what it is, pretty soon."

"You bet it will," said the grinning youth, in high good humor. "I'm one of the sheiks you read about. One long look into my eyes, girlie, and



"What you're really here for, Berson, is to admire the men," Stella drawled. "Make 'em see what great big wonderful guys you think they are, and you'll be a wow."

you're done for."

"Let's see if I am," Miss Morris suggested with sudden interest, and she made the experiment forthwith. Hunt turned to Eve.

"You don't exactly belong here, do you?" he asked.

"No. Do you?"

He laughed.

"I'm afraid not," he admitted. "I don't care much about dancing, and I'm apt to get sleepy around midnight. I tried to persuade Jake to go home after the play, but he wouldn't . . . and now I'm glad we didn't."

"Shall you be here every night after this?"

"No," she told him. "I'm here only as a substitute. I don't expect to come again."

"Then we must make the most of to-night," he smiled. There was something very nice about his look and manner. He was like . . . whom was he like? Probably he was merely a type she had known well and met often in her former environment.

"Shall we dance now?" she heard him ask. Queenie and Jack were already on the floor. She rose slowly.

"I'm not sure I dance very well," she confessed, and caught his look of surprise as he put an arm around her and swung her out among the others. She exhaled the breath she had been holding. He was a good partner.

"You're an odd girl!" Hunt skillfully guided her through a rapidly increasing congestion on the dancing-floor. "What made you say you weren't sure you could dance well?"

"I wasn't." His expression made her amplify the terse statement. "I'm not very sure of anything just now," she smilingly admitted. "I'm so new at all this."

"Well, you can be sure you're one of the good dancers on the floor to-night," he said comfortably. "That's a tribute, too, for there are a dozen here who know how to step out. That uptown bunch over there has some bully dancers in it."

She looked in the direction he indicated. Half a dozen young men and girls, evidently of good families, were dancing in a close group. They were keeping to themselves and ignoring the other patrons. Their eyes were tired and their expressions somewhat blasé, but they seemed content with their entertainment.

"They're the types that go to the theater first, then to supper, and spend the rest of the night rushing from one cabaret to another," Hunt explained. "Quite a lot of them like this place better than the clubs. I think Jake caters to them in various ways—drops the cover charge for them and that sort of thing. He likes to have them come in, thinks they lend 'class' to his place; and Jake is strong for 'class.' They'll probably stay here an hour, then leave and visit half a dozen other places before they go home at daylight. In the meantime, we'll have another bunch or two like them."

Eve knew all this, and didn't know why she knew it, any more than she knew why she appreciated the unusually good music of Jake's jazz band.

"Speaking of being here," Hunt went on. "Why are you here, really? It's easy enough to see that you don't belong."

(Continued on Page 4)

PIONEER COUPLE CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gilbreath, pioneers of the Edna Hill community, celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, December 26, with an old fashioned dinner at which present their nine children and their families, many of whom had come from far away to take part in the celebration and to congratulate their parents on this happy occasion.

In was just such a beautiful day as was Friday when fifty years ago, these two took their marriage vows and started out on life's journey hand in hand, pledging themselves to share each others joys and sorrows and to help in building up the community in which they have lived and this task they have done cheerfully and well despite many obstacles.

Early Monday morning the guests began to arrive and Aunt Matt and Uncle Bill, as they are known by all their neighbors and friends, threw open the doors of their hospitable home and cordially welcomed the great crowd of children, grandchildren, neighbors, and friends. And such visiting as was done on this memorable day, for was it not "Home Sweet Home" where all were gathered and all around were reminders of childhood days, for on this same farm, Mr. Gilbreath had lived more than seventy years.

"Uncle Bill" was born in Polk County, Arkansas, May 15, 1854 and came with his parents to Texas, Oct. 10, 1855. They settled on Resley's Creek south of town. Erath County then being unorganized territory. With them the family also brought some mule-footed hogs. It was here that Mr. Gilbreath grew up and when old enough he became a true western cowboy and many is the time he rode the Chisholm trail.

On December 26, 1880, Mr. Gilbreath was married to his charming wife who was Miss Martha Ann Martin, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Martin, pioneers of this section. Twelve children were born to them, nine of whom are now living all being present at the celebration, and are: Jim Gilbreath, Eastland; Mrs. E. J. Dawkins, Ryan, Oklahoma; Mrs. E. D. Holden, Sidney; E. B. Gilbreath, Dublin; N. E. Gilbreath, Stenbenville; Miss Mattie Gilbreath, Post Worth; A. H. Gilbreath, Ulster; Gilbreath, Ryan, Oklahoma; W. S. Gilbreath, Dublin—Dublin Progress.

Rev. Sparkman of San Saba County, filed his regular appointment here Sunday morning.

Mrs. Ruby Blackwell of Jim Hogg County spent the week end with her brother, Fenley Wilford and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. William Oford of Brownwood visited Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McKinnie Saturday night.

Mrs. Charlie Rogers and sons returned to their home in Fort Worth Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. McKinnie, and Mrs. O. H. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Williams of Comanche visited here Sunday.

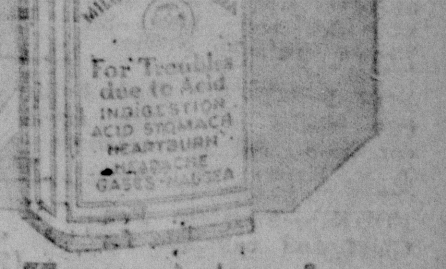
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Tupin and son, Elton Roy of Dallas spent Tuesday night, and Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McKinnie last week.

Nolan Rogers of Duran spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Guber.

Mrs. T. M. McKinnie spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Payne at Harmony.

Mrs. Corbie Waldron of Comanche spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. A. J. Huggins.

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners



For Trouble due to Acid Indigestion, Constipation, Bloating, Heartburn, Gas, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, etc.

Many people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion. They call it "acid," "sour stomach," "heartburn," "bloating," "gas," "dizziness," "nervousness," etc. The best way to cure it is by taking Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has been used for 50 years and is standard with physicians. One spoonful in water before meals many times its volume in stomach acids, and 45 once! That's why it's so effective in relieving all these troubles.

You will never use crude methods, which you know are better methods. And you will never get a cathartic effect when you prove out this easy relief.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids, 25c and 50c a bottle—any drugstore. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company since 1875.

ENTERTAINS TUESDAY CLUB

Mrs. James D. Slack was hostess to the members of the Tuesday Club Saturday afternoon with a New Year party, cut flowers and ferns being featured in the decorations.

Mrs. I. M. Cochran of Fort Worth was a special guest of the club.

Following the games, a salad course was served.

TheComancheChief

Established 1870

THE COMANCHE PUBLISHING CO.
PUBLISHERS

Entered at the Post Office at Comanche, Texas, as Second Class Matter

Subscription Price \$1.50 Per Year
In Advance

CLASSIFIED ADS

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. New modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

HOUSE ISLAND REDS—Eggs, cockles, and pullets, for sale from my prize winning birds at reasonable prices. These chickens are all pure blooded and have won over some of the best flocks in the South and are bred for both egg and meat production. —Mrs. J. H. Prater, Comanche, Texas. 1f

BUSINESS HOUSE—On Square for rent. Possession Jan. 1, 1931. Good building and good location. —E. G. Neely. 1f

OLD MATTRESSES—Made good as new with the modern mattress machinery. We call for and deliver. Telephone 137. —Jess Atwood. 1f

SOME GOOD—Young mules and horses for sale on time—See J. B. Chilton. 1f

FOR SALE—Complete set of Drug Store Fixtures, including Refrigerator, Mechanical Soda Fountain, Will sell entire outfit at less than 50c on the dollar. Terms if desired. —See N. N. Durham. 1f

POSTED NOTICE
I have leased what is known as the City pasture and hunting and all forms of trespassing are positively forbidden on this or any of my property. This applies to all and violations will be prosecuted. —Camille Fleming. 21-23

GENTLE WORK MULES—For Sale. —Are young. Fall terms if desired. —H. F. Northcutt, Comanche, Route 1. 20-21p

PLANT NOW!
During January I will make special reduced prices on all shrubbery and plants that I have for sale. The following list will give you an idea of the saving you can make by buying now:
Cedrus Deodara, 2 to 3 ft. \$1.75
Baker Pyramid, 2 to 3 ft. \$2.00
Arizona Cypress, 2 to 3 ft. \$2.00
Chinese Arborvitae, 2 to 6 ft. \$1.25
Texana Glauca—Better Than Rosedale, 12 to 18 in. 50c
Bonitas, 12 to 18 in. 50c
Crene Myrtle, red and pink, 50c
Butterfly Bush—Tamerix and others, large plants, 25c
All 2 yr. Roses 40c
Polyanthus and small roses, 35c
Chinese Elms, Weeping
Willows, etc. 10c and 20c
Armor River Privet, 12 to 18 in. Per 100 \$2.00
Per 50 \$1.25
Larger plants if desired
All plants state inspected and guaranteed.
Many other plants and shrubs at big reduction if you buy during January—Write or call and see them.—Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104, Comanche, Texas.

NOTICE
All persons having claims against the estate of A. M. Lovelace, deceased, are required to present the same within the time prescribed by law to the undersigned, who was on the 29th day of December, 1930, appointed administrator of said estate, and whose Post Office address is Comanche, Texas.
L. E. Grainger, Temporary Administrator. 20-23

IF YOU NEED LUMBER—I have five room houses. Will sell or trade, \$150 each.—J. L. Jay, Sine Springs, Texas. 1tp

FOR SALE—About 7600 feet of good used two inch pipe. Entire lot ten cents per foot. Smaller lots ten and one half cents per foot.—Lowe, DeLaney & Carter, DeLeon, Texas, Phone 236. (21-22)

GOOD RED OATS—Free from Johnson grass 40c per bushel at barn. Also Bright Baled straw at 20c per bale.—See Fred Brown, Telephone 2921. 1f

FOR RENT—Six room house in two blocks of square. In good condition. All conveniences. —See J. R. Eanes and Co. 21-22

FOUND—Fountain Pen. Call at Chief and pay 25c for this ad. (1f)

FOR LEASE—740 acre stock farm 150 acres in cultivation 2 sets improvements and two windmills—Wire or write W. D. Lane, Texas, Texas. 1f

S. C. WHITE LEGHORN EGGS—For hatching 2 1-2 cents each Payne Strain. Fine layers.—J. N. Evans and Son, Proctor, Route 2.—Telephone 80-30, Gustine. 21-22p

BABY CHICKS—And Hatching Eggs for sale from my prize winning bred to lay S. C. Rhode Island Reds. Have a few nice pullets and cockerels for sale, also.—Phone 2812. Mrs. J. H. Prater, Comanche, Texas. 1f

FOR SALE—Good Clean Oats Oats, 50c per bushel. Four and one-half miles north of Blanket. —Lloyd Benson. 21-22p

FOR RENT OR LEASE—100 acres of good grass land near Brownwood, house and other improvements on place. See Mrs. W. L. Ferrill at the Comanche Mutual Assn. Office. 1f

PASTURE LAND FOR SALE—Six miles northwest of Comanche, 138.75 acres, good grass and timber. See Julian Johnson or J. E. Purvis. 21-24p

FOUND—Some money. See J. M. Harris, Route 4 or call at Chief. (1f)

FOR RENT—Both furnished and unfurnished rooms. One block East of P. O.—Mrs. W. E. Lee. 1tp

FOR SALE—Five tube Freshman Masterpiece Radio in Mahogany Console Cabinet. Complete with batteries. Price \$22.50. Installed. —G. S. Clarke, Phone 155. 1tp

Let us test your lights while there is yet plenty of time.—Edmondson Motor Co.

ALLAN LEE
Battery and Starter Repair Shop. Authorized Light Testing. —Off S. E. Corner Square.

At Priddy, Miss Jessie Grayson, Henry Hein, F. W. Hein, Otho Kunkel will receive a free pass to the Majestic Monday, Jan. 12

NOTICE
The regular meeting of the Grammar School P. T. A., set for Friday, January 9th, will be held on Friday, February 13th. —Executive Committee

PERSONALS

Mrs. Myrtle Matthews of Houston is visiting her father, D. F. Robertson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Johnson, Garland Johnson of Dallas and Mrs. Frank Bussey of Big Springs, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Purvis, and daughters of El Paso, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Julian J. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thouton and daughter, Patty, Dr. and Mrs. Philip Graham, and son, John Philip, Mrs. L. Q. Hargrave and daughter, Margaret, and Miss Arnes Graham were all Christmas guests of their mother, Mrs. J. P. Graham.

Hilton Burks of Brownwood was a Comanche visitor Monday.

O. L. Simmons of Corpus Christi was a Comanche visitor Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Greer and daughter, Essie Marie, accompanied by Mrs. A. B. Masters spent Sunday in San Angelo.

Earl Frost was in Eastland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hepp of Fort Worth and Mrs. Pearl Righter of Clyde visited their mother, Mrs. N. V. Frost last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Parker announce the birth of twin daughters on Friday, January 2.

George Neel and Bollis Burton of Cross Plains were business visitors in Comanche Monday.

Mrs. C. O. Carson of Lordsburg, New Mexico and Mrs. R. E. Harris of Lytton Springs, Texas came in last week for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Atwood of Fort Worth spent the week end in Comanche with relatives.

Miss Florence Harris returned to Howard Payne Saturday after spending the holidays with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McNutt announce the birth of a son, Billie Joe, December 31.

Wilson Little and Dr. I. M. Cochran of Fort Worth were Comanche visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hoffman went to Fort Worth Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth L. Smith left Monday for Fort Worth where they attended a training school of the Christian Church.

Hugh Clarke of Waco spent the week end in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Chas. Clarke, being accompanied home by his sister, Miss Judith for a visit.

Miss Catherine Clarke returned to Sonora where she is teaching, Friday.

A. W. St. Clair of Fort Worth visited his sister, Mrs. D. Chas. Clarke and his brother, C. P. St. Clair, last week.

Among the Comanche people who attended the funeral services at Graham's Chapel Friday were Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Brightman, Dr. and Mrs. I. T. Clemons, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Luker, Mrs. Julia Mills, Mesdames John Seary, S. W. Switzer, W. L. Randal, J. C. Wilkerson, H. L. Stewart, George S. Clarke, J. A. Barton and Misses Iva Hart, Camille Fleming, Eugenia Gray, O. O. Brightman, Mrs. and Mrs. Sam Todd, Mrs. Jim Moody, Mrs. John E. Bonser. Among the out of county friends and relatives attending were Rev. and Mrs. Frank Luker of Mart, Mrs. D. A. Chisolm of Groesbeck, Mrs. Clara Friend of Brownwood, Mrs. Clara McDade of Houston, Mrs. Meroney of Dallas, Miss Quida and Hayden Clemons of Abilene, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wade Luker of Fort Worth, Boone Luker of Sweetwater, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lee Purvis of Goleman, Mr. and Mrs. Bates Friend and Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Friend of Brownwood.

Dr. I. M. Cochran and family accompanied by Miss Catherine Saunderson of Dallas spent the week end in Comanche.

Mrs. James D. Slack is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John B. Chilton, Jr., at Enfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Zent of Fort Worth visited Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoff New Year's day being accompanied home by Miss Glen-

nie Hoff who resumed her work as teacher Monday.

W. D. and John Hogan and their families of Dallas visited Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Hogan Wednesday.

Rev. Preston Broxton of Gustine was a Comanche visitor Wednesday.

Rev. J. M. Perry, Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Dailey and Rev. J. D. Smoot attended a district meeting of the Methodist Church at Santa Anna Thursday.

Sam Adams of Plainview visited J. F. Adams and family this week.

Kermit Neel, who has been with the Higginbotham Company as salesman in the Hardware Department at Comanche, has been transferred to DeLeon where he becomes assistant bookkeeper.

Ira Gerganese of Llano is in Comanche working at the Carroll residence.

I. M. Vineyard was a Fort Worth visitor Thursday.

T. R. Lacy to Sidney was taken to a Brownwood hospital Monday for treatment for blood poisoning.

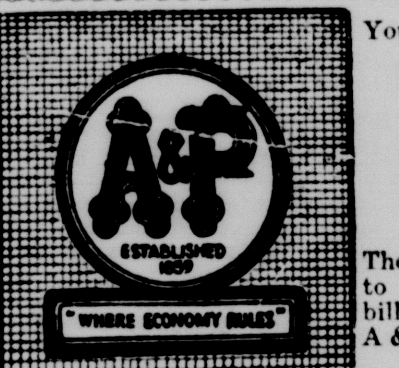
Richard Hicks, who has been with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chilton returned to his home at Dallas Monday.

Approve Bonds For New Officers

At a special meeting of the Commissioners Court December 31, bonds for the ensuing term of office were approved for the following: W. F. Howington, District Clerk, \$3,000; W. T. House, County Judge, \$1,000; Paul Howell, County Surveyor, \$2,000; F. O. Jaye, County Attorney, \$2,500; Mrs. B. W. Speed, Tax Collector, two bonds, one for \$40,514 and the other for \$40,000; Iva Hart, County Treasurer, \$10,000; Dwight Brightman, Sheriff, \$5,000; George Goosby, two bonds of \$5.00 each; Bob Haynes, County Clerk, \$7,000; W. R. Dyson, Constable of Precinct No. 5, \$500; S. W. Switzer, Constable of Precinct No. 1, \$1,000; H. C. Heath, Justice of Peace of Precinct No. 5, \$1,000; J. D. Bonner, Justice of Peace of Precinct No. 1, \$1,000; C. F. Denny, Public Weigher of Precinct No. 1, \$2,500; T. A. Ward, Commissioner of Precinct No. 1, \$3,000; Tom Patton, Commissioner of Precinct No. 2, \$3,000; Grady Howell, Commissioner of Precinct No. 3, \$3,000; T. D. Robinson, Commissioner of Precinct No. 4, \$3,000.

CHEAPER PAPER
Five hundred sheets letter size paper, ruled on both sides, for \$1.00. Cheaper than tablets. Better paper.—Comanche Chief

Your local A & P store features



MANY SPECIAL GROCERY VALUES THIS WEEK END

The most practical and sure way to save on your weekly grocery bill is to shop at your nearest A & P Store, where quality and low prices are assured.

Some people buy at A & P stores for reasons of economy. Some people buy in them because they demand assurance of good quality. The whole strength of A & P's great organization is devoted to serving both purposes.

DEL MONTE PEARS
2 No. 2 Cans .39

PALMOLIVE SOAP
3 Cakes .19

QUAKER MAID BEANS, 3 Cans 20

FRESH BULK COCOANUT, Lb. 29

SODA CRACKERS, 2 Lb. Box 27

GUARANTEED FLOUR
48 Lb. Bag \$1.15

SWIFTS JEWEL SHORTENING
8 Lb. Pail .99

NO. 1 POTATOES, 10 Lbs. 25

LETTUCE, Crisp Heads 06

BANANAS, Lb. 6 1-2

PENNICK SYRUP
Gallon .59

SEEDLESS RAISINS
2 Lb. Pkg. .17

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE, 1 Lb. .40

K. C. BAKING POWDER, 5 Lb. Can .63

SPINACH, 2 Med. Cans, ...21

CREAM CHEESE, Lb. 27

OLEOMARGARINE, Lb. 17

IONA COCOA, Lb. Can 15

COURT HOUSE NEWS

Births

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams, Comanche, Dec. 18, a son, Lynn Jackson Adams.
To Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Evans, Comanche, December 24, a son.
To Mr. and Mrs. George D. Farley, Comanche, Route 2, December 14, a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Vineyard, December 16, 1930, Comanche, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. Ripley, Comanche, December 12, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hicks, Comanche, December 26, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel B. Henson, Comanche, Route 2, a son, December 23, 1930.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jones, Hasse, November 30, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen Lee, Newburg, November 20, a son, Henry Allen Lee.

Marriages
Mark Cozby and Miss Pearl McCullough, Comanche Route 6, John C. Stark and Mrs. Maxine Gattys.

Jack Burkhead, Jr., and Miss Madeline Hatton, Eastland.

Willie Mack Wolf and Miss Marion Louise Rich, DeLeon.

M. D. Coleasure, Vandyke, and Miss Jessie Albin, Comanche.

Lee Pendergrass, Comanche, Route 4 and Miss Eleanor Banks, Comanche.

Joe Haille, Comanche, Route 2 and Miss Clara Reeves, Sidney.

L. A. Solomon and Miss Lucille Coan, DeLeon, Route 2.

Deaths Recorded
C. C. Walker and wife to J. P. Kemp, 80 acres of the John W. Buchanan Survey, consideration \$3040.

Mrs. Elizabeth Watkins to L. A. Gregory, one fourth Block No. 66, Original town of Comanche, consideration \$1600.

T. M. Glasgow and wife to Weldon Glasgow 105.5 acres of the Sabina Draper Survey, consideration \$2200.

E. A. Terrill and wife to E. B. Gregory 56.6 acres of the E. A. Terrill Survey, consideration \$526.00.

R. A. Allen and wife to E. H. Allen, 165 acres of the W. H. Farmer Survey, consideration \$2500.

See Moore to J. B. and E. H. Allen, 165 acres of the W. H. Farmer Survey, consideration \$2500.

E. H. Allen and wife to See Moore 165 acres of the W. H. Farmer Survey, consideration \$2500.

E. H. and J. B. Allen, 165 acres of the W. H. Farmer Survey, consideration \$2500.

PRESBYTERIAN MEN ORGANIZE

The Presbyterian men organized for special work during the ensuing years at the Presbyterian Church Tuesday evening. John P. Hoff was elected President and Hardy Slider Secretary.

Following the business session they were entertained with a dinner by the ladies of the church.

"MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE"

By Elizabeth Jordan

A Serial Story

(Continued from Page 3)

He asked the question with a twinkle, in tacit admission that he had no right to put it, and she smiled forgivingly.

"I've told you. I'm substituting for another girl. She's sick."

"All right," he said, accepting the rebuff. "We'll let it go at that. Shall we dance again?"

When they returned to their table, Queenie rose.

"The best of friends gotta part," she announced.

"Hold on. What's the idea?"

It was the grinning youth who spoke—Jackson, his name had proved to be his grin wiped from his face by the abrupt decision. Hunt looked equally serious, and Queenie regarded them with approving eyes.

"The idea is that you two ain't the only boys in the place," she explained. "and Jake has given me the high sign to move on."

"But, see here—" Jackson protested. "Now, Willie!" Miss Morris was almost maternally reproachful. "You don't want to get my girl friend in bad with the boss the very first night she's on the job, do you?"

"Of course not," Hunt rose and bowed formally, and Queenie led Eve away.

Better get out while the getting's good," she said, and added another helpful hint for the novice: "It's wise to leave guys before they want us to."

That brings 'em back again."

She took Eve to another table on the short list Jake had sent her, but they responded to Queenie's initial advance as readily as the first pair had done. They were middle-aged Canadian cattlemen, out for a good time, and they had it with Queenie, while Eve took such mild share as she could in the bantering dialogue and danced several times with each of them. Apparently the encounter was as successful as the first, for both men showed a flattering regret when it was over. Before that, moreover, they had unconsciously helped Eve through the little matter of the first half of the special program. While this was in progress she remained with them, and Jake seemed content with the arrangement.

The long night wore on. At the end of it Jake sent for Eve.

"You're awrit," he impersonally announced when she again confronted him in his office. It was half-past three and his staff was perceptibly wilting. So were his remaining guests, but Jake himself showed no sign of the night's strain. His linen was as faultless and his hair as pasty flat as they had been at eleven.

"Take-y-on-reglar," he added. "That's good of you," Eve said. More and more she liked what she had heard of "Jake." "But I won't take the work just now, thank you."

"Why not?"

"It really isn't in my line."

"More-money? Nothin'-no. Fixed-rate."

"It isn't that," Eve hastened to explain. "The money side is quite all right." It was. She had earned eight dollars and some odd cents by her first night's work.

"Then-what-does-it-ye-hatter?"

"I want to do something else."

"What?"

"I don't know, yet!"

"Awrit," Jake moved the remote eyes from her face as if this ended the matter, but when she walked to the door he asked a question: "How-bout-ivy?"

Eve stopped and turned back. "Why . . . she'll be all right tomorrow night, won't she?"

"Nope. Means-three-four-days-let-raps-more. Keep-er-job-a-week-let-er rest. Might-fix-er-up."

There seemed nothing else to do. Eve agreed to the temporary job, and won the vast gratitude of Ivy, to whom she reported when she reached home at four o'clock.

Eve left her comfortable, and went back to her own quarters, tired but uplifted. She had put over what she had undertaken; she had made eight dollars; she had been offered a job;

she had been able to keep her walking nightmare at bay and to feel almost normal. Best of all, there was now no endless night to face, for the night was over. It might be worth while to accept Jake's offer, if only to do away with those awful nights in the court bedroom.

If she could kill another fortnight that way, and earn the money she so badly needed, Marcel would surely have his reply from Leon, and that reply might lead her out of the fog. She would think the matter over. However, she did no thinking then. She fell asleep at once from sheer exhaustion, and her dreams, when she recalled them in the morning, had to do with large buildings and



"Jake wants you to go an' meet that guy over in the corner," she said, eagerly. "I forget his name, but he's O.K."

blaring music and crowds of whirling figures.

Succeeding nights at Jake's seemed very much what the first one had been, with the difference that Eve had a fixed clientele as well as a floating one. The Canadian pair came regularly, and accepted without resentment her refusals of their invitations to luncheons and other diversions outside of the cabaret. Hunt and his friend Jackson also became what the girls called "reg'lars," though Eve suspected that neither young man could long stand the financial strain of such frequent visits, for Jake's, as Ivy had boasted, was no "cheap joint."

Ivy was able to "get back on the job" on the fifth night and to go through her dances with amazing skill and pep. Her specialty was the "acrobatic waltz." Queenie had mentioned, and her performance was a revelation to Eve, who humbly told herself that as a "substitut" she had been a joke.

Miss Davenport was a born dancer, which undoubtedly helped to explain her employer's patience with her attacks. The only employee that compared with her at Jake's was a young Italian among the loose-ankle boys, whose version of the "Black Bottom" was the cabaret's best attraction.

Queenie's high kicking was "good but not great," as Ivy expressed it. Maizie, despite her beauty and her superb figure, did no solo-work at all, and was not above the average in the ordinary dancing.

Eve decided that Ivy's "acrobatic waltz" explained Ivy's heart attacks, and she advised the dancer to drop some of its more taxing features, Ivy shook her head.

"Long's I do it, I'll do it right," she announced. Art came first with Ivy.

Ivy's popularity in the "artists room" was second only to Queenie's and as the two girls stood together on all important issues Queenie's rule was strengthened by her chum's return. So was Eve's position. Miss Davenport had a grateful nature. Loysally and loudly she assured the world nothing was wrong with Berson. She demanded Queenie's continued interest in her protégée, and after a brief contest of wills she received it. The "head hostess," it appeared, had a horror of being "high-tatted" by any one, and from the first she had cherished a dark fear that the new-comer was "high-tatin'" and "up-stagin'."

All Jake's artists, Ivy was finally able to explain Eve's manner and diction to Queenie's satisfaction.

"She can't help it," she pointed out. "She's ed-jicated! My Gawd! what can a poor kid do when her folks put her in schools an' has her learned all those things?"

A little later Eve unconsciously helped her own cause.

"Where you from, anyhow, Berson?" Queenie demanded one night, when the novice had been at Jake's a week. It was the first direct personal question that had been put to Eve, and Eve flushed under it.

"Oh, I've lived abroad a good deal," she stammered.

"Where?"

"In France."

Queenie nodded. Living abroad

Wins Prize In Home Beautification

Mrs. W. W. Cox of Brady, was awarded first place in the Christmas Home Beautification Contest which closed in Brady on New Year's Day and was awarded a prize of \$25.00.

Concerning the award the following was taken from the Brady Standard: "The Cox home was in harmony with the Christmas spirit, carrying out a beautiful Christmas motif. The home showed the Star of Bethlehem leading the three wise men to view the new born Christ child. It carried out the beautiful conception of the religious idea in Christmas. The Bethlehem Star was outstanding in the firmament and the three wise men are seen on their journey to Bethlehem."

FAMOUS BAND IN "MADAM SATAN"

In addition to its other attractions, Cecil B. De Mille's "Madam Satan" coming to the Majestic Theatre, will offer one of the most famous jazz bands the world has known.

Abe Lyman's famous organization will be both seen and heard during the exotic and thrilling masked ball scenes aboard a Zeppelin, which are the big features of this new Metro Goldwyn-Mayer comedy with music.

Lyman's band need no introduction to any who own a radio, a phonograph, or go to the theatre. The versatile Abe has carried his troubadours all over the United States and Europe and his records sell by the millions of copies.

Many Song Hits
In "Madam Satan" you will hear the Lyman band play several of the biggest hits of the piece, including "Live and Love Today," "We're Going Somewhere," "This Is Love," "The Beauty Auction," "All I know is You Are in My Arms," and "Lowdown."

Lyman's men turn actors in the latter part of "Madam Satan." When the Zeppelin is torn from its mooring mast in a storm, the musicians jump for safety in parachutes, together with all the daily stirred guests.

"Madam Satan" features such well-known players as Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, and Lillian Roth. It was written by Jeanie Matheron, with dialogue by Gladys Unger and Elsie Janis. Musical numbers are by Herbert Stothart and Clifford Grey, of "The Roaring Twenties." Three unusual ballets were directed by Leroy Prinz of Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Theodore Kosloff dances "Electricity" in the Prinz ballet, "Ballet Mechanique."

On Comanche Route 3, B. F. Zschiesche, Mrs. M. J. York, W. R. Waldron, J. L. West will receive a free pass to the Majestic, Wednesday, Jan. 14.

HONORED ON BIRTHDAY

On Sunday, Dec. 28, the children and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Evans of Sidney surprised their father with a birthday dinner at their home on his seventieth birthday.

Mr. Evans is the father of eight children, six grandchildren and one great grandchild. All of the children were present to enjoy the bountiful birthday dinner with their father and mother as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redwine, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Evans and children, Wvonna and Jeff Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Naughty Graham; Messrs. Herman and Clifford Evans all of Sidney; Mr. and Mrs. Joe B. Evans and son, Leo of Caddo, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prater and sons, Harold and Dean; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rice and baby of Brownwood and Jerro Boyd of Sidney.

On Comanche Route 4, Chas. Yarborough, Clifford Wilson, J. A. Wilson, T. J. Williams, will receive a free family pass to the Majestic, Thursday, Jan. 15.

EXPRESSION OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly remembered us after our home burned. We cannot find words with which to fully express our appreciation. May such a calamity never befall you; but if it should may your friends be as many and as kind as you have been to us is the sincere wish of—E. N. Graham and family.

WALNUTS WANTED
We are still buying black walnuts but cannot use small ones. If not sure make inquiry at our plant. We are in the market for several thousand pounds, also, still buying pecans.—Durham Lumber Co., Comanche, Texas

Among those who were in Comanche to attend the funeral services of Keith Chilton were Mr. and Mrs. H. Burks of Brownwood, Miss Laura Lu Waring of Cisco, Judge McCoy and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harris and daughter, Mrs. Rita Odell; Hayne Waring, and Mrs. Pearl Dunlop of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blecker of Lubbock, Mrs. G. A. Chilton of Austin.

On Comanche Route 6, H. S. Wessel, T. E. Warren, J. R. Stevens, M. T. Shoemaker will receive a free pass to the Majestic Tuesday, Jan. 13.

DUSTER

Austin and Justin Holmes returned to Cisco Sunday to enter school, after spending the holidays here with their parents.

Miss Lucille Coan and Jack Solomon were married Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Stewart and family visited Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Holmes and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler of Bryson, Texas spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Frazier and family.

Mrs. Shumaker of Fort Worth visited her mother, Mrs. N. C. Cunningham Sunday.

Miss Pauline Blair of Gorman spent Sunday with Miss Allene Rhodes.

Miss Wilma Gray entertained the young folks with a musical last Thursday night.

Earle Hare and Werner Cain of Fort Worth visited relatives and friends here this week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Brownwood visited Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Rhodes and family Sunday.

The young people enjoyed a forty two party at Mr. and Mrs. Author Aldridge's last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gray and children of DeLeon visited C. B. Gray Sunday.

Last Saturday and Sunday was our regular Church day at Duster.

The Priceless Ingredient
In the city of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many there were who came to him for counsel, which he gave freely, asking nothing in return.

One day there came to him a young man, who had spent much and got little, and asked: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered: "A thing which is bought or sold has no value unless it contains that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."

"But what is the Priceless Ingredient?" persisted the young man. Spoke the Wise One, "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of him who made it. Consider the name before you buy."

Because of the Priceless Ingredient back of its service, the name DRAUGHON'S has come to stand for the highest in business training, being ranked in its sphere with Harvard and Yale in the realms of higher learning. For nearly a half century it has been growing in the esteem of business firms and young people alike, until now a diploma from Draughon's is one of the surest means to success that it is possible to conceive.

It means good positions and business success to those who measure up to its high requirements, as proved by the hundreds of calls for young men and young women that come to our Employment Departments every year.

If you'd like to share in the prestige and the opportunities that a Draughon diploma will insure, if you'd like to have a good position and a chance for advancement, mail the Coupon to day for free booklet, "Proof of Positions". It has been the first step to success for thousands of others. Address nearest Draughon's College, Dev't C, Dallas, Wichita Falls, Abilene, or Lubbock.

Name _____
P. O. _____

NOTICE!
SHERIFF'S SALE
The State of Texas, County of Comanche.

By virtue of an execution, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Comanche County, on 22nd day of December A. D. 1930, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of E. J. Myers Versus A. Kelsey, T. E. Welsh, E. O. Cozby, J. L. Clements, W. H. Booth and S. E. Golden, No. 7399 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on first Tuesday in February A. D. 1931, it being the 3rd day of said month, before the Courthouse door of said Comanche County, in the City of Comanche the following described property, to-wit: 80 acres of land, and the same being out of and a part of Sec. No. 27 Blk. No. 2, H. & T. C. Ry Co. sur. the same being the S. half of the N. E. 1-4 of said Sec. No. 27.

Also 64 acres of land in Comanche County, Texas, surveyed for A. H. Stover and being out of the S. W. 1-4 of Sec. No. 20, Blk. No. 2, Pat. to Wm. Howard by the state of Texas.

Both tracts of the above described land are more particularly described in a certain Warranty deed from J. L. Clements and wife to Letha Clements which deed is of record in the deed records of Comanche county, Texas and to which reference is here made for a more particular description.

Levied on as the property of Letha Clements to satisfy judgment amounting to \$870.08 in favor of R. G. Frame, Assignee of said judgment less a credit of \$400.00 and cost of suit.

Given under my hand this 8th day of January A. D. 1931.
Dwight Brightman, Sheriff.
(21-23)

CHARTER NO. 4246

RESERVE DISTRICT NO. 11
Report of Condition of the
Comanche Nat'l. Bank
Of Comanche in the State of Texas, at the close of business on December 31st, 1930.

RESOURCES
Loans and discounts -- \$270,930.12
Overdrafts 173.98
United States Government securities owned 52,099.37
Other bonds, stocks, and securities owned 3,600.00
Banking house, \$17,000
Furniture and fixtures, \$3,900 20,900.00
Real estate owned other than banking house 3,000.00
Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank 21,216.28
Cash and due from banks 89,683.21
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 2,500.00
Other assets 500.00

LIABILITIES
Capital stock paid in 100,000.00
Surplus 20,000.00
Undivided profits—net 5,000.00
Reserve for interest, taxes, and other expenses accrued and unpaid 4,712.62
Circulating notes outstanding 50,000.00
Due to banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding 36,767.62
Demand deposits 248,127.72

TOTAL \$461,607.96

State of Texas, County of Comanche, ss:
I, W. C. Chilton, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. C. CHILTON, Cashier.
CORRECT-ATTEST
J. B. CHILTON
ROBERT EATON
EUGENE G. NEELY, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1931.
C. A. GREENE, Notary Public.

NO. 246 BANKS

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
of the State Bank of Proctor, at Proctor, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1930, published in the Comanche Chief, a newspaper printed and published at Comanche, State of Texas, on the 9 day of January, 1931.

RESOURCES
Loans and discounts, on personal or collateral security 25,247.97
Loans secured by real estate 500.00
Overdrafts 115.53
Securities of U. S., any State or political subdivision thereof 1,100.00
Customers' bonds held for safekeeping 200.00
Banking House \$1,400, Furniture & Fixtures \$900.00 2,300.00
Cash in bank 3,380.14
Due from approved reserve agents 18,507.18
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check on demand 1,235.90

LIABILITIES
Capital Stock \$15,000.00
Surplus Fund 7,500.00
Individual Deposits subject to check, including time deposits due in 30 days 27,865.29
Time Certificates of Deposit 1,000.00
Customers' Bonds deposited for safekeeping 200.00
Other Liabilities—Interest Unearned 1,021.43

TOTAL \$52,586.72

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Comanche
We, R. W. Gray, as President, and R. R. Evans, as Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
R. W. GRAY, President.
R. R. EVANS, Cashier.
CORRECT-ATTEST:
P. B. GRAY,
R. A. LUKER,
C. F. LUKER, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5 day of January, A. D. 1931.
JESSE PURVIS, J. P., Notary Public, Comanche County, Texas.

At Sidney, J. A. Yancy, Sam White, D. T. Ross, J. P. Patten, will receive a free ticket to the Majestic Monday, Jan. 12.

Speedy Relief For Sore Throat

This Doctor's Prescription
Requires No Gargling
No longer is it necessary to gargle and choke with nasty tasting medicines to relieve sore throat. Now you can get almost instant relief with one swallow of a doctor's famous prescription. This prescription was refilled so often that the druggist who originally filled it decided to put it up under the name "Thoxine" and make it available to everyone.

The remarkable thing about Thoxine is that it relieves almost instantly, yet contains nothing harmful. It is pleasant tasting, and safe for the whole family, and is guaranteed to relieve sore throats or coughs in 15 minutes or money back. Put up ready for use in 35c, 60c, and \$1.00 bottles. Sold by Reese's Drug Store and all other good drug stores.

NO. 688 BANKS

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
Of the First State Bank,
at Comanche, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1930, published in the Comanche Chief, a newspaper printed and published at Comanche, State of Texas, on the 9th day of January, 1931.

RESOURCES
Loans and discounts, on personal or collateral security 173,310.09
Loans secured by real estate 87,864.41
Overdrafts 391.54
Securities of U. S., any State or political subdivision thereof 143,426.29
Other bonds and stocks owned 2,209.25
Customers' bonds held for safekeeping 104,960.00
Banking house \$6,000, Furniture & Fixtures \$4,000 10,000.00
Real Estate owned, other than banking house 4,400.00
Cash in bank 20,435.07
Due from approved reserve agents 119,761.94
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check on demand 5,891.23
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund 1,103.64

LIABILITIES
Capital Stock \$65,000.00
Surplus Fund 40,000.00
Undivided profits, net 4,470.55
Due to banks and bankers, subject to check 2,885.01
Individual Deposits subject to check, including time deposits due in 30 days 407,705.31
Time Certificates of Deposit 41,153.00
Cashier's Checks Outstanding 7,588.59
Customers' Bonds deposited for safekeeping 10,960.00

TOTAL \$673,762.46

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Comanche
We, E. E. Anthony, as President, and K. L. Macon, as Asst. Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
E. E. ANTHONY, President.
K. L. MACON, Asst. Cashier.
CORRECT-ATTEST:
J. F. TATE
H. E. MOORE
S. J. HICKS, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, A. D. 1931.
S. J. HICKS, Notary Public, Comanche County, Texas.

On Comanche Route 5 Percy Wright, W. A. Wilson, J. H. Williams, E. C. Vines will receive a free pass to the Majestic Monday, Jan. 12.

Rose Bushes—Choice of 20 varieties, 40c each; \$4.00 per dozen.—Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104, Comanche, Texas, Box 874.

NO. 1385 BANKS

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
of the First State Bank,
at Gustine, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1930, published in the Comanche Chief, a newspaper printed and published at Comanche, State of Texas, on the 9th day of January, 1931.

RESOURCES
Loans and discounts, on personal or collateral security \$40,381.82
Loans secured by real estate 7,470.24
Overdrafts 15.85
Securities of U. S., any State or political subdivision thereof 366.93
Other bonds and stocks owned 884.45
Banking House \$3,000, Furniture & Fixtures \$1,750 4,750.00
Real Estate owned, other than banking house 4,948.94
Cash in bank 3,035.61
Due from approved reserve agents 6,330.32
Interest in Depositors' Guaranty Fund 311.43
Other Resources—Transit Items 10.00

LIABILITIES
Capital Stock \$25,000.00
Undivided profits, net 2,674.86
Reserve for Taxes 424.45
Individual Deposits subject to check, including time deposits due in 30 days 40,406.33

TOTAL \$68,505.64

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Comanche
We, T. L. Conaway, as President, and J. L. White, as Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
T. L. CONAWAY, President.
J. L. WHITE, Cashier.
CORRECT-ATTEST:
J. W. ROBINSON
W. J. CLAY
S. J. HICKS, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, A. D. 1931.
N. E. PALMER, Notary Public, Comanche County, Texas.

On Comanche Route 2, C. E. Woolsey, Dave Welch, J. L. Woolsey, F. L. Welch will receive a free ticket to the Majestic on Tuesday, Jan. 13.

We Surprised Her

Mrs. Evan Palmer had missed her gloves, but she did not know that she had lost them, but when she saw an ad in the Chief where some gloves had been found, she decided they might be hers and they were.

All we have to do now is convince Mrs. Palmer that we did not take them from her home and "plant" them for the find.

"MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE"

By
Elizabeth Jordan

A Serial Story

(Continued from Page 4)

Her own life, Eve was beginning to think, would mean acceptance and reconstruction. Marcel and Leon seemed broken reeds, and her present condition might go on indefinitely. If it did, she would at least continue temporarily in this new environment. She was helping Ivy, whom she had persuaded to see a specialist and follow his treatment. Miss Morris had hinted that she would like to learn some French, and had added frankly:

"Some English, too, teacher. Don't think I ain't wise to the way I spill words."

Even Stella was more human with Eve than with others, and on one occasion had sought the novice's apartment to make a tentative confidence of a sort not often given. Eve gathered that Stella had so far forgotten her prejudice against men as to fall in love with one of the regulars at Jake's, and to throw herself violently at the head of the unappreciative young man. When he failed to respond she

When he ceased coming to Jake's, obviously to avoid her, she called at his rooms late one afternoon and waited there till he came home.

At this point in the account she gave Eve, Stella's sobs grew so loud that Eve feared they might draw Miss Davenport from the next apartment. She mentioned this danger to the raconteuse, who stifled the expression of her grief. It was no part of Stella's plan to make Ivy a confidante. But her plain face was tear-streaked as she went on, and Eve experienced a deep sympathy not only for her but for the regular who had been subjected to this sort of scene. There may be girls who are beautiful when they weep. Poor Stella was not among them.

"I let'm see why I was there," Stella gulped, "an' he was that polite he broke my heart. I'd taken off my coat an' hat before he come in, for of course I thought he'd keep me for 'dinner anyway. Don't they always, 'in stories an' pictures? But he didn't. He got my hat an' coat, an' he put 'em on gentle an' kind, like he was 'dressin' a kid, with soothin' noises, an' he told me I was too nice a girl to put myself in compromisin' positions. Wasn't that the el'phants' knuckles! An' he got me to the door an' outside it, an' the first I knew he had the elevator up and was puttin' me in it an' sayin' good-by. Oh, Berson, it was awful! For of course I caught on then, right off. I seen I was a woman scorned!"

The phrase seemed to please Stella, for she tried it again on a higher key. "A woman scorned," she repeated. "Berson, I give you my word I cried all the way home. Now, what d'you think I ought to do? Give him up?"

"Yes, Stella," Eve said, with a straight face and a comforting pat on the girl's shaking shoulders. "If I were you I'd give him up."

She had believed that, with the possible exception of Queenie, Stella had the keenest sense of humor of any one at Jake's. Now she realized anew that one's sense of humor often perishes under the first assault of one's emotional nature.

"Well, if you say so, I will," Stella agreed with a pathetic smile; and she drifted away, greatly relieved by an outburst to which she never again referred.

Yes, one could do a little for these girls, Eve reflected, as she depressedly walked at Hunt's side. She was earning money, too, and saving most of it, and beginning her sleep in the daytime, and not having to face black nights. Yet, admitting all these things, her panic returned in some degree every time she met strangers.

To-night she told herself she had been mad to come. Deep within her an alarm was sounding, softly but persistently. It grew louder as she approached the man at the corner

table. He had risen, and stood watching her with an air of tense expectancy. He took a quick step forward when she reached the table, and then under her conventional smile stopped short with a look of incredulous stupefaction.

He was a big man, six feet tall, smooth-faced, of dark complexion, middle-aged, and inclined to stoutness. He had a large head covered with thick gray hair, brushed straight back from a good forehead. His gray eyes, just now fixed unswervingly on hers, were partly concealed by the thick lenses of the horn-rimmed spectacles he wore. They had the peering look of the near-sighted, and this constant effort to see clearly had lined his

forehead and tufted his thick gray eyebrows.

"I wish I knew what this meant," he said at last. "Perhaps you'll tell me. But take your time."

She made two efforts before she could speak. He was some one she had known, but her inner panic proved that he was also some one she had reason to fear. She did not know him now, and she would let him see that she did not. It seemed the safest course.

"I'm always rather nervous with strangers," she admitted, and they asked breathlessly, "Would you care to dance?"

He laughed at that, on a sudden harsh note, and again he took his time to speak, his eyes on the cigar as if he were thinking deeply.

"Strangers!" he repeated. "Strangers!"

He laughed at that, on a sudden harsh note, and again he took his time to speak, his eyes on the cigar as if he were thinking deeply.

"Strangers!" he repeated. "Strangers!"

"I think," she suggested, "you are mistaking me for some one you imagine you know."

He straightened as if she had struck him.

"My God! are you telling me I don't know you?" he cried.

"I think you're misled by a strong likeness. There are some amazing resemblances, you know."

Jake passed the table as she spoke, glanced at the pair, and hesitated. Eve did not see him, but the stranger did.

"Jake says you're working for him," he brought out with difficulty. "He tells me you're substituting for another girl. That's about the limit, but we won't go into it now. However, I know the rules of the cabaret game. I mustn't take the time of his people for nothing. So here's a sop to but."

With extreme desperation he took a roll of bills from his pocket, pulled off a ten-dollar bank-note, and tossed it on the table before her. In her increasing panic she hardly observed the action.

The stranger saw that Jake had passed on, and his manner changed as abruptly as if some nerve in him, tense till now, had suddenly snapped.

"Well, young lady," he rasped out, "it's time to drop this chicanery of yours and come to an understanding."

Eve stared at the man in a frozen silence.

"I don't understand," she faltered, after a brief duel of eyes between them.

He smiled wryly.

"I'm afraid neither of us is meeting this very well," he said wearily. "I'll admit it's too much for me. But we'll understand each other all right when we've had our talk. Go and put on your coat and we'll get out. This is no place for you, and God alone knows why you came here."

Eve stood up quickly. She must end this nightmare.

"I must go to the dressing-room and get my wrap," she said.

Queenie was in the dressing room. Eve caught her arm.

"Is there any back way out of this place?" she asked desperately. Her expression forbade questions and Miss Morris rallied to the obvious crisis of the moment.

"Sure there is!" she remembered. "The boys' dressin'-room has a window on a back alley."

She hurried Eve across the room, and with an emphatic push helped her through the window that opened on the alley.

It was all quite simple now. Three taxicabs stood in a waiting line just around the corner, in front of the side door, and with a crisp command she

entered the first.

"Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street. Quick, please," she directed; and the chauffeur, who seemed used to such instructions, started with a suddenness that made her bite her tongue.

She paid him and left the taxicab at the point she had indicated, and took another that was passing, and ordered herself driven downtown. The Garland, she had decided, was her only refuge. She dared not return to the apartment to which she could so easily be traced, and no other good hotel she knew of would take her in at that hour of the night without luggage and in evening clothes.

During the swift journey, she planned her story for the hotel clerk. If Jenkins, the night man, was on duty, she was sure he would take her in. She left the cab a block from the Garland and walked the remaining distance; and her panic lifted a trifle when she entered the lobby and saw the plump face of Jenkins confronting her across the night desk.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she began with a desperate effort to speak naturally, "perhaps you remember me—"

"Miss Parsons?" Of course. How do you do? I can give you the same rooms you had before, if you like," he hesitantly added. "They're vacant."

"Thank you, yes; I'd like that very much."

Eve took her key, gave him a forced smile, and went on to the elevator, breathing more naturally.

A warm bath partly soothed her, the familiar bed was comfortable, and the quiet neighborhood was free from the car-clanging that had disturbed her at the apartment. With a mighty effort of will she tried to draw mental shutters between memory and the episodes of the night, but the gray-haired stranger pushed back those shutters, with compelling hands. The room seemed full of him. The very world seemed full of him, and of some horror connected with him.

The horror was worse than the man himself, because it was intangible. Like those trailing ends she was always striving to catch, it lay beyond her reach, just back of him. In some way he was connected with it all. . . . he was in the very heart of it. At moments she was just wishing, gasp of what it was. . . . something light, lightened, and suddenly darkened again even as she was holding her breath in dawning understanding. She was convinced that she had fled to avoid him and that to return to her normal self would be to return to him. . . . to him. . . .

Better Baby Chicks

Hatched from flocks with records you are familiar with. Hatched under every favorable circumstance to make for better and healthier chicks.

There is a great deal in the "starting" of the chicks.

WE ARE STARTING OUR INCUBATOR ABOUT JANUARY 10—AND WILL APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS.

D. & C. HATCHERY

CARL DAVIDSON

I. COMER

MRS. PEARL O. TYSON BURIED AT BROWNWOOD

Mrs. Pearl O. Tyson, 27, died January 1, 1931, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she had made her home for the past year. Mrs. Tyson lived in and near Brownwood until she moved to Albuquerque. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hicks of Comanche.

She is survived by her husband, A. T. Tyson; two children, a girl, Marie, 11, and a son, A. T. Jr., 2; her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks of Comanche; four brothers; six sisters; and many friends both in Brownwood and Comanche.

The funeral services were held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the home of a friend of the family, R. A. Day, 1806 Avenue E. Rev. J. M. Cooper, pastor of the Melwood Avenue Baptist church, conducting the service.—Brownwood Bulletin.

HONORED WITH SHOWER

Miss Maurine Boykin entertained a number of friends with a surprise party and shower Thursday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Holmsley, recently married.

After the guests were entertained with a number of games, they lined up in couples led by the bride and groom, as they were directed to a beautiful decorated Christmas tree, where the young couple received many gifts.

ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Comanche, Texas
Notice Is Hereby Given:
That the annual meeting of the stockholders of First State Bank of Comanche, Texas, will be held at the office of said bank on the 15th day of January 1931, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Respectfully,
E. E. Anthony, President
(17-21)

Hedge Plants—California and Armoor River Privet, \$2.00 per hundred; \$1.25 for 50.—Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104.

BUFFALO SCHOOL NEWS

The pupils who are on the honor roll for the second month are:

FIRST GRADE: Bonnie Belle Collins and Bernice Coan.
SECOND GRADE: Darlene Johnson and Charles Elwin Harrell.

THIRD GRADE: Walter Earl Belyeu.

FOURTH GRADE: Garland Collins.

FIFTH GRADE: Dorothy Mae Bowen and Montie I Wilkerson.

NINTH GRADE: Alma Ruth Belyeu.

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

The Woolliest in the West



"Leader," the Rambouillet ram bred at Mt. Pleasant, Utah, brought \$1,300 at the Salt Lake City ram sale of the National Wool Growers' Association.

Birds on Uncle Sam's Pension Roll



Thomas Ross, pigeon expert of the U. S. Army, with two of the homing pigeons that served in the World War, carrying messages for the Signal Corps. "Mocker," on the left, had an eye shot out. "Spike," at the right, carried 52 messages across hostile territory.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Thos. B. Gallaher, Pastor
Sunday morning at the eleven o'clock hour the pastor will preach on "Why Foreign Missions", from the text, Jonah 1:1-3. The Foreign Missions movement has come under a good deal of criticism during the last few years, and its efficiency has been much impaired. This sermon will answer the question as to the wisdom and necessity of Foreign Missions, together with some statements as to the status of Foreign Missions, today.

At the evening hour, seven fifteen o'clock, the subject of the sermon will be "Accidents?", with the text from the Book of Esther. With a background of some of the inexplicable incidents of history, this sermon will inquire into the question of whether these acts were accidents, or results of the hand of God in the world. All are invited to attend these services.
Sunday School will be at 9:45 a. m.

The Young People's Society will be at 6:15 p. m.

Coming to America



His Majesty King Parja Dhipok of Siam, who is coming to America with Queen Rambai, to be treated for eye trouble. He has leased a house near New York for his visit.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Christian Church Sunday School had one of the best days last Sunday. We go forward in every department. The teachers are all working. Sunday, Jan. 11th will be bettered by only the following Sunday.

The preaching time has been changed to the 1st and 3rd Sundays. Church night, Wednesday night, Jan. 14th. Everybody out. Come on.—Let's go—This is His business.

Kenneth L. Smith, Pastor.

We buy Cotton and Cotton Seed every day.—Joe McIlroy at Blue Gin. (tf)

COLCLEASURE—ALBIN

Miss Jessie Albin of Comanche and M. D. Colcleasure were married in Comanche Saturday afternoon, January 3, the ceremony being performed by Rev. T. N. Carter at his residence.

Mrs. Colcleasure is the daughter of the late Mrs. Elsie Albin and Mr. Colcleasure is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colcleasure of Van Dyke.

Mr. and Mrs. Colcleasure will make their home at Van Dyke.

ELKINS TIN SHOP

Can furnish any make of Radiator for your car. New ones in stock. Authorized Harrison Service Station.

Phone 321

DINGLER

Miss Faye Dean Northcutt spent the week end with Miss Judine Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cunningham and family of Dublin have moved to this community.

Miss Anna Ree Moore spent the week end with Mildred Northcutt.

AUTHORIZED LIGHT TESTING
Prompt Service at Howard Motor Co.

Carbon Paper for tracing—large sheets, Black 10c per sheet. Colors 15c per sheet.—Comanche Chief

FAIRVIEW

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wildman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Homer Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Orb Flannagan and family of Gustine spent the week end in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilson visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Fagan and children and Miss Myrtle Jones spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jones.

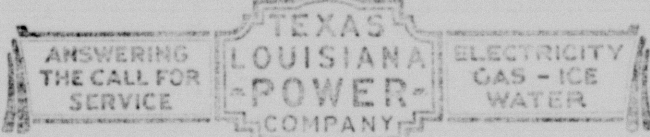
Miss Pebble Graham entertained with a party Wednesday night Mr. and Mrs. Jim Graham spent Sunday in DeLeon.

Fairview's basketball teams played Cotton Grove Friday, winning both games by the score of 26 to 0 in favor of the girls and 17 to 7 for the boys.

Dividend Day January 1st

More money in town. Owners of 7% Preferred Shares of this utility are receiving in the mail their regular quarterly dividend checks at the rate of \$1.75 per share. It pays to invest safely with 7% income.

Investment Department



Insurance Of All Kinds, Real Estate
Notary Public
W. D. CARROLL, Room 6
Odd Fellow Bldg.
Comanche, Texas

DR. J. J. HODGES

DENTIST

X-Ray Equipment
Upstairs West Side Square

DR. GEO. T. BLACKWELL

Practice limited to
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Blackwell Sanitarium
Gorman, Texas

666

is a doctor's Prescription for
Colds and Headaches
It is the most speedy remedy known
666 also in Tablets

ROBERSON BUS LINES Inc. SCHEDULE

Comfort with Safety
Leaves Comanche for D'Wood.
A. M. P. M. P. M.
12:25 4:25 7:55
Leaves Comanche for Ft. Worth
A. M. P. M. P. M.
9:10 1:20 6:40

Dr. S. C. HOLLOMAN

Physician and Surgeon

Diaternity—Ultra Violet
Infra Red and X-Ray Work
Residence Phone 267—Office 482

THE TEXAS COMPANY

High Grade Gasoline, Kerosene
and Lubricating Oil
O. H. DONAHU, Agent
Telephone No. 9

N. A. Palmer & Co

All Kinds Insurance
And Bonds

First Nat'l. Bank Bldg.
Residence Phone 25

Let Us Prepare
Your car for Winter
Anti-Freeze
Compounds
Adjusting for
Cold Weather
CLARENCE BIGGS
N. W. Cor. Square

Y. W. HOLMES LAWYER

GENERAL PRACTICE

Lend Titles, Estates, Guardianships; Damages; Landlord and Tenant; Debts.

Title Examiner for National

Title and Trust Co. Title Insurers,
San Antonio.

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

At the National Automobile Shows

Chevrolet wins first place

for the fourth time

First place at the National Automobile Shows—a position granted on the basis of annual sales volume—is again awarded to Chevrolet.

This is the fourth consecutive time that Chevrolet has achieved this honor. And the reason lies in the exceptional value which Chevrolet cars consistently provide.

This year, in its bigger and better Six, Chevrolet is offering an outstanding example of the value which has brought it such record success.

In fact, no previous Chevrolet car has ever represented such a high degree of quality and advancement, and sold at such low prices as today's Chevrolet Six.

» New low prices «

Roadster, \$475; Sport Roadster with rumble seat, \$495; Coach or Standard Five-Window Coupe, \$545; Phaeton, \$510; Standard Coupe, \$535; Sport Coupe (rumble seat), \$575; Standard Sedan, \$635; Special Sedan, \$650. Special equipment extra. Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

See your dealer below

Healer Chevrolet Co.

ALSO DEALERS IN CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER TRUCKS, \$355 to \$695, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

**Awake
Half the Night
Weak and in
Rain**

"Night after night I could not sleep," writes Mrs. Mary J. Roberts, 117 West Franklin St., Raleigh, N. C. "I would lie awake half the night. I was dizzy and weak, suffered frequently with pains in my side and small part of my back.

"When I was a girl, my mother gave me Cardui, and it did me so much good, I thought I would try it again. I took five bottles, and I feel like a new person.

"I think it is fine. I would advise every woman who is weak to try Cardui, for it has certainly put me on my feet."

**For
Over 50 Years
Women Have Taken
CARDUI
with great benefit.**

Take Theobald's Black-Drageat for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness. Only 1 cent a dose.



All Wrought Up Over Nothing

Didn't sleep last night; too much work; the children are fretful; the Boss is cranky; Mrs. DeVere didn't invite you to her party.

Ordinarily you don't mind any of these things, but today they are simply unbearable. You are nervous, that's why.

Did you ever try Dr. Miles' Nervine? Just two teaspoonfuls in a half glass of water will quiet your over-taxed nerves and bring you a feeling of calm and peace.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is now made in two forms—Liquid and Effervescent Tablet. Both are the same therapeutically.

At all Drug Stores. Price \$1.00



RELIEF OR YOUR MONEY BACK

11 YEARS CONSTIPATION GLYCERIN MIX ENDS IT

"For 11 years I tried to get rid of constipation," says Chas. E. Blair. "Then at last the simple mixture, Adlerika, made me regular."

The simple mixture of glycerin, buckthorn bark, saine, etc., (Adlerika) acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, relieving constipation in 2 hours! Brings out poisons you never thought were in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and see how good you feel!—Wm. Reese Drug Co., Agents.

HAZEL DELL

Our Sunday School is still growing. Fifty were present last Sunday.

Mrs. Horace Applewhite entertained her Sunday School class Wednesday night with a party. After playing several games refreshments of hot chocolate and caramel cake were served.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gathin of Wilson have moved into this community.

Miss Wilma Kennedy of Carlton was a honor guest at the Sunday School party Wednesday night.

Energy girls came here Friday night and played basketball. The score was 12 to 16 in favor of Energy.

COTTON GROVE

Miss Florine Smith of Baggett visited Ava Lee Glasgow last week.

Miss Gracie and Noble Hilliard entertained the young people of this community with a party on New Year's night.

Oliver Guthrie of Sidney and Miss Ava Lee Glasgow were guests at the Monday night. Fairview basket ball boys and girls played Cotton Grove boys and girls Friday. The score was 27 and 7, in favor of Fairview boys. The score for the girls was 28 to 6 in favor of Fairview. After the regular games, the Cotton Grove out-side girls played the Fairview girls. The score was 12 to 8 in favor of the out-side girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Moore visited Tom Glasgow and wife Sunday.

H. Burks of Brownwood visited A. F. Holman Sunday.

Beckham Guthrie of Comanche visited here Friday.

Mrs. Gaylor Miller is staying in Comanche at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Grissom.

Mr. and Mrs. Masters spent Saturday night with Mose Anderson of White Point.

ENTERTAINS FOR LITTLE THEATRE GROUP

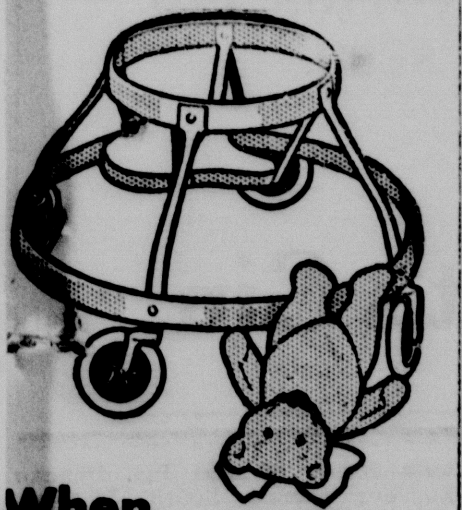
A number of young people gathered at the Sid Cunningham farm near Newburg Friday evening when Vernon "Heavy" and Bert Cunningham entertained the members of the Comanche Little Theatre and a number of guests with a New Year Party. An old time motif was carried out in the decorations and arrangements for the party, the guests being seated on long benches, old fashioned lamps were used, and the party was carried out as much as possible after the fashion of those of fifty years ago.

Orv. Masters furnished music on the piano while the crowd enjoyed a sing-song.

At the conclusion of the games, lunch was served.

F. N. ROBERTS—(formerly The Roberts Co. S. M. Experts) will be here Saturday and Monday's, working on family Sewing Machines; work guaranteed, known in Comanche for over 2 years.—North 2nd. St., 4 blocks west of Square. Phone 442. tf

We buy cotton and Cotton Seed every day.—Joe Mellroy at Blue Gin. (15)



**When
BABIES
are Upset**

BABY ills and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea. How would you meet the emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready?

For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an everyday aid. It's gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria.

**Fitchers
CASTORIA**

HEAL THOSE SORE GUMS

Even after pyorrhea has affected your stomach, kidneys and your general health, Leto's Pyorrhea Remedy, used as directed can save you. Dentists recommend it. Druggists return money if it fails.—The Wm. Reese Drug Co., Agents.

NEW YEAR'S PARTY

A crowd of young people met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Harris of near Comanche, New Year's eve night, and from there went to the Huff Tank where they cooked a Comanche stew, and stayed up to see the New Year in.

Music and games furnished entertainment throughout the evening, after which stew, pickles, cake and coffee were served to the following: Misses Gertie Belle Parkman, Cleo McNutt, Wyna Davis, Lorraine Parkman, Oleta Parkman, Ona Mae Harris and Artie Edwards, Oree Smith, Lelton Davis, J. B. Rains, William Doggett, Ben Millican, Otis Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Burton Parkman.

J. T. DOSSEY OF BLANKET BURIED MONDAY

Funeral services for Jim Tom Dossey, 83, who died at his home at Blanket at 8:45 o'clock Sunday morning, January 4, were held at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Baptist church at Blanket with Rev. Scott officiating. Burial was made in the Blanket cemetery.

Mr. Dossey was a retired farmer of the Blanket community where he had lived for 20 years. He was born in Alabama on January 21, 1847. Mr. Dossey was preceded in death by his wife, who died several years ago. Surviving are a son, M. F. Dossey, four grandchildren and four great grandchildren—Brownwood Bulletin.

ON TARLETON HONOR ROLL

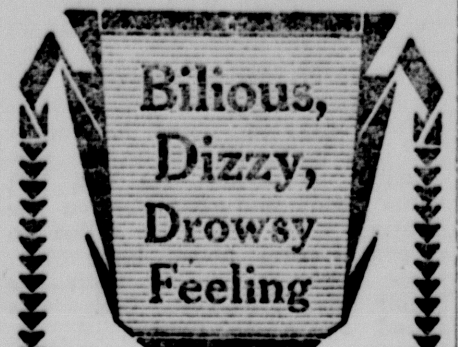
Among the 66 students on the Honor Roll just announced by John Tarleton College are Miss Mildred Foster, Side Springs; Will H. Jones and Robert Taylor of Sidney; Geneva Coley, Ruth Howe, DeLeon.

NOTICE AUTO OWNERS

If you live in Comanche County register your car in Comanche county. Your Precinct gets the money.

Register your car early to avoid the rush in the latter part of January. Your co-operation appreciated.—Mrs. B. W. Speed, Tax Collector. tf

For Light Testing—Come to The Comanche Motor Co.



"When I was a child, if I did not feel well, or if I had a cold, my mother gave me Black-Draught," says Mrs. Orpha Hill, of Wofford, Ky. "When I was married, it became a family medicine in my own home, as it was in my mother's."

"I take it for headache and especially for constipation. When I get bilious, my skin gets yellow and I have a very bad taste in my mouth, and a drowsy feeling all during the day. My eyes burn and I get dizzy, or my head is 'swimming.' When I take Black-Draught, it seems to drive the impurities out of my system and I feel fine. I am seldom without this reliable remedy."

Black-Draught

For Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness

WOMEN who are run-down, nervous, or suffer every month, should take Cardui. Used for over 50 years

NOTICE!

SHERIFF'S SALE

The State of Texas, County of Comanche.

By virtue of an order of Sale, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Comanche County on the 2nd day of January A. D. 1931 by the Clerk thereof, in the case of C. G. Foust Versus W. P. Hammers No. 7554 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in February A.D. 1931, it being the 3rd day of said month, before the Court House door of said Comanche County, in the City of Comanche, Texas, the following described property, to-wit: Lots No. 4 and five in block No. 10, in Higginbotham addition to the town of DeLeon, Comanche County, Texas. Levied on as the property of W. P. Hammers to satisfy judgement amounting to \$54.00 in favor of C. G. Foust and cost of suit.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of January A. D. 1931.

Dwight Brightman, Sheriff. (21-23)

INDIAN GROVE

Mrs. R. A. Allen of Comanche spent Saturday night with her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Stewart.

Misses Alma Florence and Lillie Kearney spent Saturday with their sister, Mrs. Clarence Edmiston of Energy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Collins of Van Dyke have moved into this community.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kearney and family left Tuesday for Levelland where they will make their home.

Charles Haslett and family of Van Dyke attended church at this place Sunday.

Roy McCullough of Gustine spent Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. Brady York.

BLANKET CIRCUIT

Our First Quarterly Conference will be held at Zephyr Sunday at two o'clock. A series of services will begin at this church Friday evening at 7 o'clock continuing through Saturday and Sunday. Preaching Sunday at the eleven o'clock hour by the Presiding Elder, Dr. W. H. Coleman. Dinner at the church at noon, and business session at two o'clock. Preaching in the evening at 7:00.

J. D. Smoot, Pastor.

Bladder Weakness

If Getting Up Nights, Backache, frequent day calls, Leg Pains, Nervousness, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, in acid conditions, makes you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the Cystex Test Works fast, starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes. Praised by thousands for rapid and positive action. Don't give up. Try Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today, under the Iron-Clad Guarantee. Must quickly rid these conditions, improve rest, sleep and energy, or money back only 60c at

The Wm. Reese Drug Co. and The Durham Pharmacy, Agents

DR. F. LEVERETT HILL

Practice of Dentistry
Full X-Ray Equipment
Office in Masonic Building
Office Phone 175
Comanche, Texas

Dr. Homer C. Bowden

Physician and Surgeon
Office up stairs on west side of square
Calls taken at Durham Pharmacy or Wm. Reese Co.
Office phone 379 Residence 379

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES

The cutting in half of your shoe bill is made possible by means of 1-2 soling E'm in time. The longer you wear a pair of shoes the more you become attached to them and are more comfortable. Don't throw them away, bring them to me and have them rebuilt for a fraction of the cost of a new pair and can get unused service out of them that would have been lost or thrown away.



Collins Shoe Shop
Opposite Fire Station

COMANCHE COUNTY ABSTRACT CO

TITLE INSURANCE

C. E. FROST, Manager.

Comanche National Bank Bldg.

Phone No. 377



**A MARKET
FOR ALL
YOUR PRODUCE
ALL THE
TIME—**

A connection—World wide in its selling outlets enables us to give you a dependable market for your produce All the Year Round

CREAM—POULTY—EGGS

Farmers' Produce Co.

GEO. C. MCKINZIE, Mgr.

ENTERING INTO THE
NEW YEAR

Let one of your Resolutions be to

—EAT AT—

Butler's Cafe

Your Business is Appreciated
Our food is good—Our prices are low

HERBERT BUTLER, Prop.

Buy THE leading tire

**THERE is a margin of superiority in
a Goodyear—THE leading tire—over
a leading tire**

—just as there is a margin of superiority
in a leading tire over little-used makes.

You pay no more but you get more, buying THE leading tire:

GOODYEAR

Lower in Price to You—

yet Still Finer in Quality

Comanche Motor Co

Comanche Texas

Careful Mounting — Year Round Service

NOTICE BUDDIES
AND FRIENDS

Immediately after the war we were told that we could not get a proper view of the war because we were too close to it.

Now, our Commander, General John J. (Black Jack) Pershing is going to tell the Whole Wide World all about it through his memoirs to be published in the Dallas News beginning January 12, and the American Legion thought it would be nice to throw a party in honor of the "old man" by use of the radio therefore on Saturday night at 10:15 just before Amos & Andy, Department Commander Hal Brennan and General Jno. A. Hulien will speak briefly and other parts of the program such as war-time music will make up the 15 minute program. Any buddy who knew General Pershing personally please notify W. F. A. A. immediately and your name will be mentioned.

All ex-service men are urged to attend the regular monthly meeting on Friday night, Jan. 9th, 1931.

J. B. Allcorn, Commander Post No. 232, American Legion.

"MISS NOBODY
FROM NOWHERE"

Continued from Page 5)

"I really must be a rather good sport, somewhere under all this," she told herself. For the impulse was the unexpected one of walking in on Hamilton in all her garish finery when he came to her sitting-room, of making no explanations of it, and of watching its effect on him. "But I won't do it," she stoutly decided; and when his knock fell on the panel of the outer door she hid her excitement and emotion by making her explanation while they shook hands.

"Don't look at me," she begged, trying to speak lightly. "I'm in the chambermaid's Sunlay plumage, and it doesn't suit my style."

But he did look at her as they sat down together; and that look of sympathy and understanding brought the story of last night from her in a rush of words which he was careful not to interrupt.

"So you see, it comes to this," she summed up: "I'm even more afraid of knowing who I am than of not knowing it. I'm afraid of what's on the other side of my blank wall. He's there; I'm sure of that. And I'm sure, with nothing but my terror to back the conviction, that he was the danger I ran away from. And yet, as I think of it, he doesn't look like a man one would fear. There was nothing cruel in his manner—quite the contrary. He seemed to be suffering; once he almost broke down. But all the time I was cold with fear."

Hamilton nodded.

"There's something back of it," he said. "I've got several pieces of the puzzle to put with yours. We'll talk it all over later on. But first—let me see the need of temporarily diverting her mind to other phases of her problem—"why did you run away from us?"

"I seem to be running away all the time," she said, "and to-day I suppose I'll end by running away again, notwithstanding all I've said." She shivered. "I suppose I shouldn't take the risk of being in the same city with that man, whoever he is."

She had expected him to protest, but he nodded.

"Yes," he said, "they're evidently on your trail, whoever they are. Did this man arouse any memory in you . . . any sense that you knew him . . . had seen him before?"

"No memory—only paralyzing fear. But of course I must know him, and it was hideously clear that he knew me and felt himself in some sort of authority over me." She was struck by a sudden recollection. "What were the important things you said you wanted to tell me?"

He decided she was cool enough now to hear them.

"The most important is about this." He drew a bill-case from his pocket and found in it a small piece of paper which he unfolded and handed to her. It was a cutting from a newspaper, and as she read it her face whitened. It ran:

WANTED: Information about a young lady who disappeared on August 30th. Twenty-three years old, weight about one hundred and eighteen pounds, height, five feet five inches, gray eyes, small, regular features, bobbed, bronze-colored hair. When last seen she wore a green dress with gold cuffs and collar, a small green hat, patent-leather pumps, and champagne-colored silk stockings. A liberal reward will be offered for information leading to her return to her friends. Address X go, in care of this newspaper.

Collector's Notice

Automobile owners may use their cars on the highways and public roads during January with their 1930 license plates, but are urged to come to the Tax Collector's office and get new license as soon as possible both as a convenience to themselves and to this office.

We have an opinion from the Hon. Rice M. Tilley, First Assistant Attorney General advising us as follows.

"The last day that a motor vehicle may be lawfully operated that has not been registered for the new year is midnight of February 1. On the morning of February 2nd anyone operating a motor vehicle that has not been registered for the current year is subject to arrest and if the vehicle has been operated during the month of January without being registered, the owner is not only subject to arrest on February 2nd, but must pay a penalty of 20 per cent of the Registration fee.

No one has the power or au-

For a moment she could not speak. He waited patiently.

"When did that appear?" she asked at last.

"About a week after you left."

"Did you—she seemed almost unable to bring out the words—"do anything about it?"

"Nothing you would disapprove of," he told her, and added hurriedly, "That is, nothing that would give you away if you didn't want to be found."

It was clear that she breathed more freely, and even as he observed this she commented on it with the insight into her own situation which had surprised him from the first.

"God knows I need to be found and taken care of by my own people, if I

you left in the apartment will have a sharp inspection; but even that wouldn't carry the investigation very far. You're very well disguised now."

"Yes," she admitted, "in my borrowed clothes. Margaret's wardrobe has given me an idea. I've got to buy new clothes, of course. What I'll get will be the plain black dress and plain black hat and plain black pumps of a nice little waitress with quiet tastes. They will be cheap, which is my first reason, and they will be a disguise, which is my second. But I don't know what I'll do about my hair," she added thoughtfully. "I suppose I'll end by dyeing it dark brown."

"Oh, don't!"

"God knows I need to be found and taken care of by my own people, if I have any," she confessed.

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"Yet, as I've just told you, I'm as much afraid now of being found as of not being found. What I'd really like," she desperately added, "is to come back to myself, and to know who I am, without any one else knowing it till I decide what to do. What I couldn't endure would be to be in any one else's power in my present condition."

He understood.

"It's a subconscious fear," he agreed. "The chances are that your large friend of last night is back of it in some way."

"Tell me exactly what you did, and all about it."

"I wrote an unsigned letter to X Fifty, saying that you were safe and that some new friends you had made would like to know all the circumstances before putting X Fifty in touch with you. I signed the note with fake initials and gave the newspaper office as the address. I got a reply the same night, but it was mighty noncommittal. X Fifty wasn't showing his hand any more than we were. He wanted to know all I could tell him (I'm assuming that it was a man, you see), and he was rather high-handed about it. That, of course, didn't make any hit with Carrick and me. We decided that a family circle wouldn't be so cautious. In fact, the whole situation looked extremely suspicious to us."

"I can't see a family circle, either," she murmured. "But then—God help me!—she broke out with sudden passion. 'I can't see anything. What have I done . . . what could I have done . . . to deserve this!'"

"Sit tight," he urged, and the familiar injunction steadied her. She straightened with a quick breath.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a different tone. "I'm making it harder for you, instead of listening and helping to think things out. Please go on, and I'll try to do better."

"Half a dozen notes were exchanged in the next few days," he told her, "each of us trying to draw out the other. Meantime the advertisement kept appearing. It was in regularly for a week. Since then I haven't seen it, or heard from X Fifty. It looks as if he had given up. So I decided to leave town, myself, and had made all my preparations; but for some reason I hung on and—Jove!—how glad I am that I did!"

"He hasn't given up," Eve said, from the depths of a black abstraction. "He's just going at it in some other way." She had not observed his emotion, but now she noticed his silence and checked herself to meet his sympathetic eyes. "I wonder why I said that," she mused. "It sounds as if, under it all, I had some definite knowledge." She broke off. "It's lucky I've left the green dress and the green hat behind me forever. Is there any way they can trace me through those things?"

"I don't think so. If your janitor—Smith, did you say?—reads the newspapers, he may have seen the advertisement. But, as I've said, hosts of newspaper-readers never dream of looking at the personal columns. Take the men in this hotel, for example. Even if you had been right here, wearing the green hat and dress, they probably wouldn't have noticed what you had on. Your disappearing so suddenly and leaving those clothes may mean, of course, that everything

you left in the apartment will have a sharp inspection; but even that wouldn't carry the investigation very far. You're very well disguised now."

"Yes," she admitted, "in my borrowed clothes. Margaret's wardrobe has given me an idea. I've got to buy new clothes, of course. What I'll get will be the plain black dress and plain black hat and plain black pumps of a nice little waitress with quiet tastes. They will be cheap, which is my first reason, and they will be a disguise, which is my second. But I don't know what I'll do about my hair," she added thoughtfully. "I suppose I'll end by dyeing it dark brown."

"Oh, don't!"

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